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NATHANIEL P. ROGERS, Editor.

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PRO-SLAVERY RETREAT.

From the New Era.

British Whiggery and Abolitionism.

Before the Presidential election the British Whigs clamored loudly in favor of "Harrison and Reform," and though every body knew what "Harrison" meant, yet very few knew what was the meaning of the simple word "*Reform.*" Information was asked as to the "Whig" definition of the word, but none could be obtained. When they were inquired of concerning its signification—whether it meant the repeal of the Independent Treasury Law and the re-establishment of the United States Bank, or not, the answer was "no, yes, no, don't know, perhaps not, it may be, and then again it may not, no, no, no, not that, though it would make times a great deal better." What then does it mean? That the "Whigs" are in favor of a high tariff, internal improvements by the General Government, the assumption of the State debts by act of Congress, and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia? "Oh, no, no, nothing of the kind. We can't tell what we will do till after election, and then we shall have time to answer such silly questions!"

This is the substance of the answers the British Whigs would give a Democrat when questioned before the election as to the policy they would pursue if successful at the polls. But *now* since the battle has been fought and they have won the field, they hesitate not to declare even in their newspapers, that to repeal the Independent Treasury Law will be their first step; to charter a mammoth bank their next; to increase the tariff their next; but further than this they are not yet committed, we believe, except on the abolition question, and here the cloven foot sticks out so far that it may be seen all over the South. Maryland, North Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee have contributed towards buying a pig in the poke, and when he is fairly uncovered and stirred up with a long pole, they will find that he looks and squeals vastly more like a beast of prey than like the innocent and harmless animal they had pictured in their imaginations.

The *Troy Morning Mail*, a leading "Whig" paper in this State, comes out boldly, now that the Southern States have been heard from, and declares the sentiments of the party, as nearly as the sentiments of *such* a party can be declared, in an article from which the following is an extract, and from which it will be inferred, that the editor of that print is very anxious that his *brethren* should enjoy the same political blessings and advantages which *he* himself enjoys:

"SHOULD COLORED MEN VOTE?"

"Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy, in his draft of the Declaration of Rights, asserts that '*all men* are born free and *equal*.' That they are 'endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable rights*,' such as 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' These truths are self-evident.—They need no labored argument to establish their validity. Why, then, is it that native colored Americans are disfranchised in New-York, and the very spirit and letter of the Declaration of Independence *violated*—violated, too, by one of the most truly Democratic States in the whole Union?"

One beauty of a quotation is its aptness, and another is, that it be a correct quotation, neither of which marks has the Troy man hit; which leads us to the conclusion, that he, like the rest of his party, knows very little of the Declaration of Independence, or Constitution either, more than he has heard quoted or referred to by others. Now it happens to be the case, that Mr. Jefferson said nothing about the *birth* of men; he merely said "that all men are *created* equal," which signifies that no man or set of men should take it upon themselves to enact laws that would make slaves of many and lords of a few. He did not believe that a club of men should receive a charter to do that which it would be a crime for individuals to do without a charter, much less did he believe that when '*institutions*' of such a nature betrayed their trust, and deceived and cheated the people, they should be sustained in the commission of their wicked deeds by *any* legislatures or legislators.

The *Troy Mail*, after making his quotations, and interpolations as above, says, "These truths are self-evident."—Wonderful man! What a pity it is that Mr. Jefferson stole his ideas, and said—

"We hold *these truths to be self-evident*—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that *among these are* life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the governed."

What a remarkable thing it is that Mr. Jefferson should have followed in the footsteps of the editor of the Troy Morning Mail so nearly, and yet *not exactly!* Astonishing "coincidence!" But we have not done with the subject—there are other brilliant ideas in the extracts we make from the learned gentleman's writings, which it seems have been so extensively *copied* by *Thomas Jefferson*; and there are ideas also in the same extract which Mr. Jefferson has never promulgated.

"Mere color should not disfranchise a man. If he has intelligence, moral qualities, and all the attributes of a good, free citizen, he is entitled to exercise certain political rights, or the Declaration of Independence is grossly untrue.

"We have been led to reflect upon this subject within a few days, since some of our remarks about the Irish have given such umbrage in certain quarters, claiming to be exclusively *Democratic*. Those who are to be *governed* should have a voice in the election of those who are to *govern* — This axiom is undisputed. The colored population in this State, who should be entitled to the political privileges of other citizens, exceeds 50,000. With a few solitary exceptions, they are entirely debarred from all the political privileges of freemen. An odious exaction in the shape of property is imposed upon them. This exaction concedes the *right* of the colored people to vote. The pecuniary requisition, therefore, is arbitrary and intolerant, so long as the *right* is conceded.

"Most of the colored people in this State, are natives of it. They are identified with the soil and with the institutions of the country. In general intelligence, moral character, and in unexceptionable conduct, to say the *least*, they are equal to the mass of foreigners who emigrate to this country, and who exert immense influence at the polls.—Why, then, should they be disfranchised?"

"Mere color should not disfranchise a *man*," nor should a *man* be disfranchised on account of his color; but it yet remains to be proved that the African race *are men*, or belong to the human family, or are any thing more than a link in the chain which connects the human with the brute creation—and when it is established beyond controversy that negroes have "intelligence, moral qualities, and all the attributes of good free citizens," the time will have come when their right to stand side by side with the white man, to enjoy the privilege of choosing their own rulers, and to do all other acts and things that free white citizens now have the prerogative of doing, will be discussed with coolness, and a considerable show of *gravity*.

This feeling of the British Whigs in favor of the "poor negro," is in perfect keeping with the action of the British Government. That paragon of excellence decreed the ruin of the British West Indies, and freed the slaves on all the Islands, and sacrificed the property and welfare of her subjects there, and the immense trade that was carried on between the two countries, for the purpose of setting an example for the United States to follow. To indemnify the people of those Islands for the loss of the property they had thus been *robbed* of, she taxed the poor white people of Great Britain and Ireland to the amount of *one hundred millions of dollars!* and this too at a time when she was starving, and exterminating by fire and sword, the natives of the East Indies. This is British philanthropy, and it hath this extent, no more. Britain would raise cotton by the labor of the East India slaves, and be no longer necessitated to procure her supplies from this country. If she were really philanthropic, why not bend her efforts towards the amelioration of men whom God never designed for servitude! In the East Indian, anatomy discovers no defect in the fibres of the heart and brain. This cannot be said of the negro—he is of a distinct race—nature never gave him an idea of independence—he is innately and voluntarily submissive, and mark the difference in the treatment of each—the southern slave is treated with kindness and care by the American planter—the poor Hindoo is treated by his British task-master, with a severity and cruelty unexampled in any other country where slavery exists. If the British Whigs here were *real* philanthropists, why not direct their sympathies towards their fellow creatures of their own race and color—the starving operatives, male and female, who are daily sinking under the pressure of poverty, unobserved and unpitied!

Having been twice convinced by "solid argument" that any attempt to subjugate the people of this country by force of arms was impracticable and absurd, the wire workers of the British Government have set about leading us into captivity; and since arms have failed, the *loaning of money* has been resorted to, as a milder, though more effectual method of accomplishing their purpose, and that she might raise her own cotton by means of the labor of the slaves in the East Indies, they virtually threw away their possessions in the West Indies, and sent their hired emissaries among us to *teach* us that we ought to liberate our slaves, or confess "that the Declaration of Indepenence is grossly untrue." They very well knew that to accomplish their end, the destruction of this republic, they must set the South against the North; they knew also that to bring this about they must appeal to the Federalists who aided and betted their cause during the last war, against the people of the South and the Democracy of the North. They have appealed to them, and as they govern the action of the *Whig* party throughout the Union, the Whig press says *yes* to all their requisitions, and accordingly we find it advocating the pretensions of negroes, and setting at nought the rights and privileges of white men, because forsooth the sad white men are poor in worldly wealth. But is this all? No, the British have instructed them that to make a farce of the ballot system they must admit negroes to enjoy the benefits of the said system—that public opinion has more effect here than special laws, and and that if negro voting be allowed throughout the North, the Southerners will be forced by such an example to liberate their slaves, destroy their cotton and sugar plantations, and leave to Great Britain the monopoly of slave labor in the East Indies, where she will raise her own sugar and cotton when she has not the United States to compete with; or after raising the negro to a level with the white man, to accomplish the downfall of the republic by shutting the negro and the poor white man out of the pale of citizenship altogether, and making, thereby, an aristocracy or limited monarchy out of what is now a republic.

Any order that Great Britain issues is sure to be punctually and faithfully obeyed by the opponents of Democracy in this country, who, like Esau, would sell their birthright for a mess of potage; or, like Judas, would barter all that is good and great for a few pieces of silver. Hence we find them slandering and villifying the poor but honest white man, and, in the same breath, begging sympathy for the "poor *negro*," which he has never asked for, nor cares any thing about!

The Editor of the *Troy Morning Mail* says, "we have been led to reflect upon this subject within a few days, since some of our remarks about the *Irish* have given such umbrage in certain quarters claiming to be exclusively *Democratic*." And then he goes on to say, that not only have the negroes a right to vote, but that "in general intelligence, moral character, and in unexceptionable conduct, to say the *least*, they are equal to the mass of foreigners [the Irish?] who emigrate to this country!"

Is such an insult to the people of this country, and especially to the adopted citizens, to be put up with? Will a common white man have it said before his face, that a common *negro* is his EQUAL in all the attributes or qualities that constitute a MAN? Verily, if any white man be prepared to confess so much, he is a fit subject of the British monarchy, and may well stretch forth his craven, slavish neck, to receive the collar that would be tightly fastened upon it, if he were not saved from the soul-killing degradation by the votes of a majority of his fellow citizens.

Let us BEWARE then! BEWARE the South! BEWARE the North! BEWARE all ye who know your rights, are jealous of your liberties, and LOVE THE REPUBLIC!

SELECTIONS.

From the New Lisbon Aurora.

A Sketch

Of the trial of Rev. Pro-slavery for treason before his honor Judge Scripture; assisted by judges Conscience and Reason.

It appeared in evidence that the defendant was regularly licensed to preach the gospel, and had preached in almost every town and city in the United States; and further, that when he was licensed, he bound himself to declare the whole counsel of God, and to explain all parts of the scripture as he should have opportunity, and to instruct his hearers in relation to their duty both to God and man. It further appeared from his commission, that he was bound to look upon the whole family of man as children of one common parent, and faithfully to labor for their spiritual welfare. It also appeared in testimony, that the defendant had affected to despise the inhabitants of one quarter of the globe, and had in many instances bought and sold the inhabitants of his own country; or when he was not able to do this, had endeavored to invent excuses for those who did, thus classing them with beasts and creeping things. That he had in many cases aided and assisted in making laws whereby one-sixth of the inhabitants of our own country were forbidden to read the scriptures. And further—that he had at New-York, Alton, and other places, been instrumental in getting up mobs, by influencing the passions of the ignorant, until they imbrued their hands in his brother's blood.

The defendant then introduced his witnesses, which proved the following facts: That Noah said, cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. That Paul said, servants, be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh. That Peter said, servants, be subject to your masters with all fear.

He also offered in justification of his conduct the following: Exodus xxi. 22: If an ox shall push a man-servant and maid-servant, he shall give unto their master thirty shekels of silver.

The counsel for the defendant here remarked that he had many more witnesses at hand, which would prove substantially the same things as had now been proved, but he thought what he had already proved amply sufficient for his purpose; he would not take up the time of the court in examining any more, and was willing to submit the case to the jury without argument. To this proposition, the counsel for the prosecution agreed.

The judge then gave a charge to the jury, who retired, and after an absence of five minutes, they returned a verdict of GUILTY.

Chief justice Scripture then pronounced the following sentence:

PRO-SLAVERY: You have been arraigned before this court charged with treason against the government of heaven, and after a patient investigation of the case, an impartial jury have found you *guilty*. It now becomes my painful duty to pronounce the sentence of the law. The crime for which you have been arraigned is one of no common magnitude. In the situation in which you have been placed, you must have exerted a very considerable influence on the minds of those around you. The stand which you took, or rather should have taken, when you entered upon the high and holy duty of expounding the word of God to fallen man, should have led you to look above the world, the fear of man, and worldly applause; but, you basely "bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery." You bought and sold, or aided and assisted in buying and selling those who have descended from the same common parent with yourself. You have literally aided and assisted in making laws to prevent people from learning to read the scriptures. It matters not that you were in a situation where a majority of those who supported you approved your course; you should have remembered that though persons sometimes approve of treason, they invariably despise the traitor.

The sentence of the court is, that you be taken to the place from whence you came, and be there imprisoned until the first day of August, 1841; that on that day between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M, and 2 o'clock, P. M., you be led out to some elevated place, and be there exposed to the public gaze for the space of three hours; that you then be 'turned loose'—but that you shall not be allowed to 'go away and hang yourself.'

Reported by L. B.

The Final Consummation.

BY EDWARD D. BARBER.

The day that shall witness the triumph of public opinion over slavery is fast approaching. From the eminence on which I now stand, I see in the far off distance the great prison house of death. Its gloomy walls, built up on human hearts and cemented by human tears and blood, tower up into the skies with a heaven-insulting glory. Its impious spires and unhallowed domes, burnished with gold wrung from the sweat and toil of the defenceless, flash defyingly in the sun. It seems to mock the power of the earthquake and the storm. But while I gaze, I see the heaving of the ocean of public opinion beneath my feet. The great fountains of its deep are breaking up. I hear the moan of the coming tempest as it musters its storms afar off; and the skies gather blackness above my head. The billows go sweeping on in majesty and might. The surge beats upon the base of that proud edifice. The indignant tempest goes careering over the face of the moved waters. The roar of the roused ocean comes thundering upon the ear. The waves, crested with fury, beat with resistless energy upon its massive structures. The waters and the storm are up in their wrath and speak now with an 'earthquake voice'. I see that Bastile of human hearts tremble from its very base. Its walls are shaking in the elemental war. Behold its towers and turrets nod and topple to their fall. See! its foundations give way—it reels, it sinks, it plunges, is gone, and the waters pass over it and hide it forever! The spirit of peace and love broods over the tempest and it is hushed. The ocean sinks into an unruffled calm, and the fury of the storm is stilled. And hark! strains of the sweetest harmony break upon the ear. A chorus of millions of voices comes swelling upon the calm, still air hymning praises and thanksgivings. It is the music of redeemed hearts and disenthralled spirits. Oh! the sublimity of that song of the free! How its strains are caught from lip to lip, from the valley to the hill top, from mountain to mountain, until the whole land is wrapt in its melody and the skies reverberate with the pealing anthem.

A Good Omen.

We take the following extract from the Philanthropist. Our limits will not admit of the excellent remarks made by the editor of that paper, and only the following extracts from Mr. Clay's pamphlet. "It would seem, (says the Philanthropist,) that Mr. C. M. Clay having been elected to the [Kentucky] legislature over R. Wickliffe, jr. Mr. Wickliffe made a speech on the 'negro law,' in which he assailed Mr. Clay on account of his opposition to the movement for the repeal of the slave importation law and denounced him as an abolitionist. The pamphlet alluded to, is Mr. Clay's review of this speech." The following extract is from this review. Let it be remembered while it is read, that "this pamphlet is published in Lexington, in a part of the State where the slave power is greatly in the ascendant."

[EXTRACT.]

"R. Wickliffe calls me to account, and would hold me up to public odium and indignation, because I '*dared*' to discuss the *merits* of slavery. When the question is, shall we increase or decrease the number of slaves—what else, under the high heavens, remains to be discussed but the merits of slavery? Yet, I am not a slave—I dare do all a man may dare. Thanks to liberty, I may yet speak, though all the world be deaf. I shall speak—advisedly, calmly, honestly, boldly—one freeman to another—speak as one who plants his foot upon the *right*, feeling that he who falls for his country, most gloriously falls! I declare, then, in the face of all men, that I believe slavery to be an evil; an evil morally, economically, physically, intellectually, socially, religiously, politically—evil in its inception, in its duration, and its catastrophe—an unmixed evil, without palliation or defence, save in necessity. Still I am no emancipationist, far less an '*abolitionist*'; but like nine tenths of the slaveholders, in all the world, rest now where I was in the beginning. In part, like them, I know not what to do; partly, because if I knew, I have not the power to act—but mostly, because there is something in the hearts of all men which teaches them 'tis better to 'bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.' Yet, still it is an evil! That which distinguishes this age above all preceding time, is the invention of steam power, and its application to machinery; since then, man has become God-like in his evidencing almost creative power. The world is teeming with improved machinery, the combined development of science and art. To us, it is all lost; we are comparatively living in centuries that are gone! We cannot make it, we cannot use it when made. Ohio is many years younger, possessed of fewer advantages than our State; the next census will give her thirty members, whilst Kentucky will probably be struck down to twelve members of the National Legislature. Cincinnati has manufactures to sustain her; last year she put up 1000 houses. Louisville, with superior natural advantages, as all the world knows, wrote 'to rent,' upon many of her houses already made.—Ohio is a free, Kentucky a slave State. Upon the sand hills of New England, where once grew junipers and black jacks, are now villages, manufactories, meadows, wheat fields, all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life.—In the South, where cotton and tobacco once rewarded the husbandman, can now be seen sterile pine groves, clay banks and naked rocks; the crab tree and mullen now struggle into life, where once luxuriantly grew the walnut and the vine. New England is cultivated by whites—Virginia by blacks. The glory of the Old Dominion has departed, and New-York has become the *Empire State*.

Our autumn forests are illumined with the camp fires of the emigrant, as he leaves the home of his youth and the graves of his ancestors forever, to seek in the far West a more congenial soil in the untamed wilderness. A single puny wagon, a thin visaged wife, ragged children, his dogs and his gun, are his only household—these, these, Mr. Wickliffe, are the 'rivals of slave labor.' Tell me not of England—with a territory not much larger than Kentucky—a mere speck above wide ocean's waves; there she stands, amid the wreck of centuries, the queen of the world, and the mistress of the seas; the palladium of liberty; the moral and intellectual light-house, upon which are fixed the eyes of ambition's storm-worn wanderers of every people, from the rising to the going down of the sun; the lawgiver of nations; the impersonation of civilization and of the infinitude of the human mind. Were I not an American, would I were an Englishman! What, then, are the secret fountains of her glory! Her liberty and her machinery.—The renown of her statesmen and orators is only equaled by the genius, the taste, and the skill of her *mechanics* and *workmen*. She holds the accumulated population of centuries; we feed upon a virgin soil, yet old age and the traces of dissipation are visibly traced upon the features of our youthful mother; while England, old England wears her virgin bloom unimpaired, ever brightened into youth and loveliness by time itself! The comparison is painful; I pursue it no more! Every slave imported, drives out a free and independent Kentuckian. On almost every farm you will find many a house as good as that in which the proprietor lives, untenanted, and falling to ruins and untimely decay. The day is come, or coming, when every white must work for the wages of the slave—his victuals and clothes—emigrate, or die! My sympathies are for the white man—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh—his industry, independence and comfort are the strength, the wealth, and glory of the State.

This act is no new thing in the legislation of the country. When Virginia was a colony of the British crown, she sternly remonstrated against the importation of slaves into her borders. In 1798, she passed a law, in force now in this State, forbidding the bringing in any slave from a foreign country, or, who had been imported into the United States since the first of January, 1798. The Constitution of the United States gives Congress the power to prohibit the importation of slaves into any of the States after the year 1808. In 1815, Kentucky passed a law similar to that of 1803. The thirteen original States were all slave States; the most of them have gradually thrown off the disease.—There is nothing in Kentucky to make slavery eternal; nothing in the climate, nothing in the soil, nothing in the products, nothing in the circumstances, by which we are surrounded. I have not made up my mind that slavery shall exist here forever; revolutions in time must and will come. Let us not be of those who, having eyes, see not; and ears, hear not. God grant that we may avoid the dreadful remedy which some of the States have made up their mind to bear—slavery, till extermination shall give to the whites or to the blacks entire supremacy.

Kentucky is in the midst of the States; her destiny is more intimately bound up in our federal government than that of any other in the Union. If the Union is dissolved, we must become a border State, a province in importance, whether we attach ourselves to the North or to the South; but while the Union lasts, we stand as mediators between the North and the South. Not entirely a free State, yet having so few slaves as not to identify us with the South as a matter of necessity, a million of gallant Kentuckians will have no mean influence in the counsels of the nation.

But if we pursue the plan proposed by R. Wickliffe, repeal this law, and receive all the surplus vicious slave population which may be thrown upon us till the whites are thrown into a minority—our strength and influence are gone, our locks are shorn, the star of our glory will have set forever. Pause, my countrymen, now, before it is too late! Have you made up your minds to leave your posterity under the certain determination that the time must come when their lives shall depend upon the extermination of their natural enemy, or go down in *blood* and *dishonor* forever! Do not, I beseech you, repeal this law; set not your faces against the civilization and moral power of the whole world. Do not attempt this retrograde march, with eyes blind to the history of the past: but when your heads shall sink down upon the green turf—your eyes close upon your offspring for the last time, sweet will be the assurance that all is well—that the subterranean fires which threatened eruption and universal deluge of fire and death, are subsiding—the flames sink down into the depths of their caverns, to perish forever; the green sward is fast closing over the mouth of the crater, and, ere long, flowers and ever-living verdure, shall speak joy to the hearts of posterity; the volcano is no more—our country is redeemed."

Abolitionism at the South.

We were quite surprised in looking over the Christian Index, a Baptist paper, published in Washington, Georgia, to find in a communication over the signature of James McDonald, dated Jacksonville, East Florida, Sept. 24th, 1840, the following paragraph relative to the mischievous tendency of Abolitionism in that quarter:—"Persecution has raged against us, and the lion is still roaring. Many evils have been brought against us, and among them all, Abolition has stood forth like the spirit of the storm. We have been, and still are, totally and conscientiously at variance with Abolitionism. We do not like to complain, since so many blessings accompany us, but we have stood on the brink of the crater, seen its flames ascending, and have escaped *merely*." If the above statement is correct and unexaggerated, Abolitionism has gained a firmer footing in East Florida than we have supposed to have been possible. And we have no reason to doubt its correctness, since it is made by a minister of the Gospel; one who frequently writes for that paper, and whose communications evince a good share of talent and information.

This announcement is the more extraordinary, as there have not been, to our knowledge, any efforts made to propagate anti-slavery sentiments there on an extensive scale; nor are we aware that facilities are enjoyed which would favor such efforts. We are equally at a loss to know how abolitionism could so endanger the interests or standing of any portion of Zion. We are glad, however, that the danger has been passed, and we sincerely hope that nothing bearing the name of abolitionism may be propagated to the detriment of religion, or to the annoyance of the church of God. We wish the writer had been more particular in his narrative, and would thank the editors of the Index to give us a fuller account of this matter as soon as convenient.—We have a strong desire to know more about it.—*Seventh Day Bap. Reg.*

From the Northampton [Mass.] Courier.

Trial for Abduction, &c.

At a late term of the Court of Common Pleas in this town, Judge Cummings on the bench, the case "Commonwealth *vs.* Henry Frink and others,"—being an indictment, charging the defendants with abduction and assault—came on for trial; the District Attorney for the prosecution, and Isaac C. Bates and Edward Dickinson, Esqrs, for the defence. This was the most interesting matter before the court; and though we shall not pretend to give a minute report of the trial, we will endeavor to present such a view of the case as may furnish our readers with a tolerable idea of its merits.

It appeared that Mason Shaw, the prosecutor in this case, formerly a resident of Belchertown, in this county, between one and two years ago, removed, with his family, to the State of Georgia; and that last winter, he removed from thence to N. Jersey. About the time of his last removal, his wife, with her colored servant, aged 17 years, who was bound to her under indentures in Boston, and who had accompanied them to Georgia—came to Belchertown and Amherst on a visit—Mr. Shaw remaining in New Jersey. Mrs. Shaw held, also, another colored servant, a little girl 10 years of age, under indentures by the overseers of the poor, in Amherst. This servant, during their absence in Georgia, had been left in Belchertown, in charge of Mrs. Bridgeman, their daughter. In the month of May last, a short time before the departure of Mrs. Shaw for the South, she caused both of her servants to be brought to Amherst, where they remained during her stay in town, in the family of her sister, the wife of H. W. Strong, Esq., Postmaster. Some two or three days, perhaps, before the time when Mrs. Shaw was to leave Amherst, the servants both became alarmed, under the belief that Mrs. S. intended, after conveying them to Georgia, to sell the youngest one into slavery. Their fears were based upon a letter of Mr. S. to his wife, and which one of them overheard Mrs. S. read.—Under the influence of the alarm thus excited, the servants communicated their suspicions to their colored friends, and besought them to interfere in their behalf. This, of course, produced a strong feeling of sympathy among them, and induced them—among whom was a brother of the younger of the two servants—to resolve to exert their utmost endeavors to prevent the execution of so wicked a design. As might have been supposed, the development of such a scheme, as that attributed to Mrs. S. and at least the *probable* action of those most interested, to thwart it, did not long remain a secret. It was known that Mrs. Shaw had bespoken their passage in the stage; but Mr. Strong, having understood that the friends of the servants intended to rescue them, engaged Mr. Frink, the defendant, to convey them to Belchertown on a by-road, in advance of the stage, intending, by thus anticipating the action of the colored people, to place the servants beyond their reach. Mr. Frink took them in his carriage and started with them on the route agreed upon. The friends of the servants, however, having by some means ascertained this movement, proceeded with all speed to the house of Mr. Bridgeman, in Belchertown, where Mrs. S. had gone, and were already on the spot before the arrival of Mr. Frink, and prepared to effect their rescue. Mr. Strong had directed the servants to be left at Mr. Sanford's about half a mile this side of Mr. Bridgeman's. Mr. Frink accordingly stopped there, where he found Mrs. Bridgeman, who directed him to leave the oldest servant there; and, getting into the carriage herself, ordered the youngest one to be conveyed to her own dwelling. Mr. F. therefore drove up to the house of Mr. B. and delivered the little girl, together with the baggage of the servants, at the door. He then immediately drove to the public house near by, and put up his horse. He had no other agency, directly or indirectly, in the affair. So much, according to the evidence in the case, for Mr. Frink's alleged participation in this *crime*. To be sure, an attempt was made to prove, by the testimony of Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Bridgeman, Mr. Strong, and the oldest servant girl—of course, all *disinterested* and *unbiassed* testimony!—that Mr. Frink did not drive so fast as was thought desirable,—that he went on a circuitous route,—that instead of going across the common, directly to the house of Mr. Bridgeman, he drove round a pump, and, as Mrs. Bridgeman thought, made too much of a display, &c. However, all this was abundantly contradicted by the best of evidence. Mr. Frink was of course acquitted.

The other persons indicted, were, Lewis Frazer—a brother of the youngest girl, and the only one brought to trial,—Wm. Jennings, and Henry Jackson,—the two latter having been reported by the sheriffs, *non est inventus*. These are all colored men. It appears, that when they heard of the supposed design of Mrs. Shaw, to sell the youngest girl into slavery, they made every effort to prevent it by legal means. In particular, they went to the selectmen, the legal guardians of the girl, and represented the case to them; but they declined all interference in the matter. The brother of the girl was then compelled either to submit to the *illegal* removal of his sister to a distant State, and, as he thought, to be sold into perpetual slavery, or to attempt her rescue by force. He decided—as almost any other man, possessing the best feelings of human nature probably would have done in his situation—upon the latter course. Accordingly, he, with his friends, proceeded to Belchertown, as before related, and, immediately after the little girl was landed at the door, and while Mrs. Shaw had hold of her, they seized her, forcibly rescued her from the possession of Mrs. S., and carried her back to Amherst, and from thence to some other place as yet unknown. These facts and circumstances being proved, Frazer was convicted of abduction, and assault upon Mrs. Shaw. He gave bonds in the sum of $300 to appear at the next term of the Court to receive his sentence.

And here we have a remark or two to offer, touching this prosecution and trial. And first, in regard to Mr. Frink—This we think a case of peculiar hardship; and such seems to be almost the universal sentiment, wherever the facts are known. Here was an honest, industrious, and very respectable citizen of Amherst, called upon to convey these servants to Belchertown, under certain instructions. Mr. F., as the evidence proves, performed his contract strictly to the letter. Not a solitary illegal or censurable act was proved against him. But, as would seem, because Mr. F. did not think proper to *volunteer* in behalf of Mrs. S. after he had completed his contract, she, under the influence of disappointment, went, with some of her friends before the Grand Jury, and gave such *strong* testimony, as, in the absence of counter-evidence, to procure an indictment. Whether this prosecution originated in a spirit of resentment, or a wish to ascertain, at the expense of the State, the practicability of a suit for damages, or whether, indeed, a love of justice, and regard to the public welfare governed in the case, we neither know or pretend to determine. It is enough to say, that, without the least well-founded cause, Mr. Frink has been thus subjected to the mortification, vexation, loss of time, and labor, together with the expense of money, attending a criminal prosecution, by an irresponsible resident of another State, and for which he will not receive a single dollar of recompense;—while the Commonwealth has been involved in an expense of several hundred dollars! The District Attorney, to be sure, tasked his distinguished abilities to the full, in behalf of the Commonwealth, and with the view, of course, to saddle the expense upon Mr. Frink; but all his efforts, faithful and zealous as they were, failed, and the poor Commonwealth had to bear the load in spite of him!

In the next place, we think that of the colored man, a hard case. Though it is clear he violated the law, at the same time, the extenuating circumstances of the case, if not quite sufficient to clear him from censure, should, one would think, entitle him to the favorable consideration of the court. Perhaps the court may thus regard the case, when sentence shall be pronounced. The Jury, we are inclined to think, might, had they considered the matter more fully, have felt justified in rendering a verdict of acquital. We wish, however, to be distinctly understood, as designing not the least censure upon them in this remark. Our reason for thus thinking is,—that in all criminal trials, if the Commonwealth fails to show *criminal design* in the offence charged, the indictment fails, and of course the accused must be acquitted. Now, though the law *presumes* malice in *all* cases of violation, yet it is competent for the accused, if he can, to show the absence of malicious design. Whether, in the case of Frazer, there were circumstances sufficient to rebut the charge of criminal intention, we do not pretend to determine; but, as we view the subject, we should not have hesitated, as a juryman, to have acquitted him. What were the circumstances? Why, Frazer, is the brother of the little girl;—he was told, and believed, that his sister was about to be conveyed to a slave State, and there sold into interminable slavery. He had at least ascertained to his own satisfaction, that she was about to be removed from this State, *in violation of law*, and beyond the protection of her legal guardians. What did he do? In the first place, he went to the proper legal authorities, and asked for aid and protection. *This was denied him.* He then pursued the only course left for him, short of abandoning the object, which was to effect her rescue by force.—This he did, perhaps, in a way as unexceptionable as the nature of the proceeding would warrant. We do not by any means intend to justify violations of law; on the contrary, we always protest against them. All we intend to say in this case is, that as we view the law, the accused was entitled to an acquital, on the ground that the circumstances rendered it highly improbable, if not absolutely incredible, that he could have been actuated by any other than justifiable motives.

Had the Selectmen of Amherst interfered, and, as was their right, not to say their duty, forbidden the removal of the girl from the Commonwealth, all this trouble and expense might have been saved. It is to be hoped, therefore, that a lesson will be learned from this case, which will prevent the necessity of excuse for like proceedings in future.

Price vs Wayland.—The learned and eminent Dr. Price, one of the pillars of the Baptist interest in England, has written in the Electic Review, an able and severe review of President Wayland's Limitations of Human Responsibility. President Wayland is on a visit to England, and must have arrived there about the time the Review appeared.

From the Liberator.

Third Political Party.

We have yet to see one good argument advanced in favor of the third party movement. There is no reason whatever why we should oppose it, if we could perceive any thing good in it, near or remote. Standing aloof as we do from any direct participation in the politics of the country, we are quite sure that we occupy as disinterested and impartial a position, in respect to the political bearings of the anti-slavery cause, as do those who are striving to obtain, or who have no objections to receive, the loaves and fishes of office. We have been careful to peruse the political lucubrations of the Emancipator, the Friend of Man, the Abolitionist, and some other papers friendly to the third party; but their logic and their declamation have alike failed to make any impression upon us. While we see nothing to alter our opinion, that it originated in selfishness and ambition, and is prosecuted in the spirit of desperation against the most fearful odds, we have no doubt that there are some who support it from an honest belief that it will subserve the interests of the anti-slavery cause.

It is worthy of remark that some of the most prominent supporters of the movement have already been put in nomination for office—Gerrit Smith, James G. Birney, Thomas Earle, Henry B Stanton, John G. Whittier, &c., &c. It is hardly probable that they will be elected, seeing they are opposed by a large majority of the abolitionists in the United States, as well as the two great existing parties!

It is also worthy of remark, that almost all who go for a third party are either openly or secretly in favor of new organization—and new organization is not trustworthy, either morally or politically. It is an evil spirit, full of self-seeking, and swayed by ambitious and sectarian motives. In New-England, it has made the new political movement a *dernier resort* to save it from an immediate overthrow. To illustrate this point, we quote the following passage from 'the detected letter' of Elizur Wright, Jr. to Henry B. Stanton, written one year ago:

'One thing *I know*. Unless you do take such a step, [get up a third party,] our new organization here is *a gone case*. It has been, *inter nos*, shockingly managed. Every thing has been made to turn upon the *women question*.—The political has been left to fall out of sight. It won't do for *us* to start the national politics. But if the parent society does so, and not by *our* move, then we can take hold with all our might—the non-resistants will have to be out upon us under true flag (!)—the *confounded* woman question will be forgotten—and we shall take a *living* position. You certainly *see* this. Take my solemn assurance that *it is life and death with us*. Make the move, and we will follow and *live*.'

New organization will find, in the sequel, that clinging to the third party movement for self-preservation is like the thoughtless Hibernian, who, in the midst of a gale of wind at sea, tied himself to the anchor, so that he might float securely, in case the vessel went down!

It is also worthy of remark, that those who are now most active in favor of a third party formerly regarded such an organization as baneful to our enterprise; and they gave their solemn assurance to the world, that they had no thought of countenancing it. They proclaimed that it was needless; that the true policy of abolitionists was to scatter their votes when necessary, and thus hold the balance of power between the existing parties! that our political success was equal to our moral growth; that a departure from the course thus marked out would be injurious to the cause, &c. They now ridicule all that they formerly said—make themselves merry with the scattering vote system—pretty broadly insinuate that those who shall refuse or neglect to vote for Messrs. Birney and Earle will be recreant to the cause of the slave—and affect to marvel that there should be any differences of opinion among abolitionists on this subject!

We happened to find in our office, a day or two since, a political tract, containing the 'Proceedings of the Essex Co. Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Danvers, Oct. 24, 1838, with an Address to the Voters, on their duties to the enslaved.' Among those who were present at the Convention were Henry B. Stanton, Amos A. Phelps, Charles T. Torrey, and John G. Whittier—all now the advocates of a third political party. In the Address to Abolition Voters, (which was drawn up, we presume, by one of them, and sanctioned by all,) we find the following paragraph:

'What, then, shall we do? Organize a political party by ourselves? *By no means.* If there was no other objection, it would consume *too much time*. While we were struggling, for many long years, to become the majority of the community, the poor slave would continue to wear the yoke of unrequited bondage. Shall we identify ourselves with either of the existing parties? *By no means.* It would only expose us to defeat, and involve our holy cause in the base and wicked strifes of partizans, eager for the spoils of office. *We have a more excellent way.* If we are true to ourselves, *we have the balance of power now in our hands, in nearly every free State in the Union.* And by a firm adherence to our principles, *both parties will be induced to put in nomination men who are true friends of the enslaved*, as well as in all other respects fitted to discharge their legislative or executive duties, so as to do honor to the communities they represent.'

Observe—1. That this was published only two years ago. 2. That it deprecates the organization of a political party. 3. That to attempt such an organization would be to leave 'the poor slave to wear the yoke of unrequited labor.' 4. That there is a more excellent way. 5. That the balance of power is in the hands of abolitionists in nearly every free State in the Union. 6. That, by a firm adherence to our principles, both parties will be induced to put in nomination men who are true friends of the enslaved.

This sounds like old-fashioned abolitionism. There was then no division in the anti-slavery ranks, but all saw eye to eye. Alas! how changed is the state of things!

We are amused to see the sensitiveness of the 'Philanthropist' on this subject, since it has taken back all that it once published against a third party, and is now disposed to go for the movement. It says:

'The National Standard has made it an article of its creed, that to scatter is better than to concentrate. The Birney ticket is therefore a great heresy. It is a departure from the old platform, we suppose.'

Certainly it is, a wide departure. The creed of the Standard is the old anti-slavery creed. Since the attempt has been made to improve 'the old platform,' confusion has come into our ranks, and every evil work. Up to that hour, we were a united and an invincible band, and our moral and political growth such as to astonish every pro-slavery sect and party in the land.

The Philanthropist aims to be a model of courtesy; and yet, while it is administering a rebuke to N. P. Rogers and the Standard on account of the severity of their language, it speaks of 'the venomous hostility' of the former, and accuses the latter of 'adopting the most vulgar slang of our opponents.' It complains of the Standard, that 'a chief part of its task, from week to week, seems to be to war on the third party scheme, as it is styled.' As if the Standard has not a perf

COMMUNICATIONS.

Tales of Oppression.

No. VII.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

DEATH PREFERRED TO SLAVERY.—Anthony Salaignac removed from St. Domingo, in the West Indies, to the State of New Jersey, and took with him several slaves, and among the number ROMAINE, the subject of the following notice. After remaining in that State some years, he concluded to send Romaine, and his wife and child, back to the West Indies; and as Romaine manifested great reluctance to return there, he confined him in prison some time previous to that fixed upon for sending him. After he had been a few days in confinement, a man was engaged to take him, with his wife and child, in a carriage, to Newcastle, in the State of Delaware, from whence they were to be shipped to the West Indies. They left Trenton late in the evening of 11th mo. 3d, 1802, and arrived in Philadelphia, at the inn kept by P. Howell, in Second street, between Mulberry and Sassafras, about 4 o'clock the next morning, in custody of a Frenchman, and John Musgrave, a constable of the city of Trenton, who had undertaken to see the colored people delivered at Newcastle. They appeared to be in great haste, having travelled all night. While at the inn, several persons remarked that Romaine and his wife appeared very much dejected. When breakfast was offered them, they declined eating, and the wife rose from the table, and making an excuse to go out, soon disappeared. Search was immediately instituted, but without effect. At length, Romaine was ordered to get into the carriage, and he proceeded as far as the step at the front door, where he saw the carriage door open to receive him. The constable was on one side of him, and the Frenchman on the other. Here he paused, and looking around him, asked, "Must I go?" The reply was, Yes. "And alone?" Yes, you must. At that instant, he took a pruning knife that he had in his pocket, and stepping on to the foot-way, drew it across his throat with such force as to sever the jugular vein. He fell upon the pavement, and, in a very little time, was a corpse.

As they had travelled all night, and manifested great hurry and trepidation, several persons at the inn apprehended that there was some scheme in agitation, that would not bear the light of day; and, about sun rise, a man came and informed me of the case, and requested me to inquire into it. I went immediately to the inn. Upon arriving there, I saw the lifeless body of Romaine lying on the pavement before me, with the throat cut almost from ear to ear. My whole soul was filled with horror, and as I stood viewing the corpse and ruminating on the awful spectacle, I exclaimed within myself, How long! how long! O Lord, shall this abominable system of slavery be permitted to curse the land! My mind was introduced into sympathy with the sufferer. I thought of the agony he must have endured before he could have resolved upon the desperate deed. By his sufferings he was driven to desperation, and he preferred launching into the unknown regions of eternity, to an endurance of slavery. He knew what he had to expect, from what he had experienced when in the West Indies before, and he was determined not to submit to the same degradation and misery again.

The coroner made his appearance in a short time after the fatal catastrophe had occurred, when a jury was called, and the following proceedings were had.

William Beaton, the coachman, sworn—Says he was the driver of the carriage, was employed to go as far as Newcastle—arrived in town this morning about 4 o'clock, with the deceased, who, with his wife and child, *were in custody of a constable*—had his carriage ready to carry them to Newcastle—saw him on the pavement, immediately after he cut his throat—no person was near him.

John Musgrave, constable, sworn—Says he accompanied deceased, a woman and child, from Trenton, at the desire of a Mr. Salaignac, with whom he agreed to see them as far as Newcastle, from whence, he understood, they were to be shipped to the West Indies—did not wish to undertake it at first, but applied to the Mayor, who told him he might do it, if well paid for it—did not know who to deliver them to at Newcastle—got no provisions for them on the road.

The French gentleman sworn—Declares he was travelling towards Baltimore—had no interest whatever in the slaves in question—undertook to see them delivered at Newcastle, to serve his friend Mr. Salaignac, who obtained the Mayor's authority in a certificate, and without which, would have had nothing to do with them—did not supply them with any provisions on the road, but Mr. Salaignac had furnished them with some loaves of bread, that were in the stage—did not know the name of the vessel or captain by whom the negroes were to be conveyed to the West Indies—would have delivered them in the care of the Mayor of Newcastle. To the best of his belief, the deceased was actuated to the commission of the deed by a dread of slavery—saw the deceased cut his throat and fall on the pavement; he drew the knife across his throat three times—no person was near him.*

The following is a copy of the certificate of the Mayor, to which was affixed the seal of the city of Trenton, and which was handed to the inquest.

"State of New Jersey.

City of Trenton, ss.

To all whom it may concern, I, James Ewing, Mayor of said city, do hereby certify, that Monsieur Anthony Salaignac, late an inhabitant of the island of St. Domingo, in the West Indies, now resident in the said city of Trenton, did bring with him, when he came to this place, the following negro slaves, viz: Romaine, aged about twenty-seven years. Marie Navel, and Clementine, aged about twenty-six years, and that he had born in his family, during his residence here, the following slaves, viz: Anna, now aged five years, and Garcin, aged three years, children of Marie Navel, and Charlotte, daughter of Clementine, now about three years old, and that it is the opinion of counsel learned in the law, that he hath full power, agreeably to the laws of this State, and the United States, to remove the abovementioned slaves, together with the remainder of his family, back to his own country.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 19th day of October, 1802.

JAMES EWING, *Mayor.*

The jury, after a short consultation, rendered the following verdict:

"*Suicide, occasioned by the dread of slavery, to which the deceased knew himself devoted.*"

Great excitement prevailed among the people generally, and much sympathy was manifested for the wife and child of Romaine, who had escaped. It was evident that both the Frenchman and the constable were doubtful of the legality of their proceedings; and, I was informed, that the inquest were clearly of opinion, that the procedure was unauthorized by law; and strongly urged that those men should be taken before the proper authority, that the affair might be inquired into.

An officer was sent for, and the Frenchman was arrested and taken before Alderman John Douglass, not so much from a desire to punish him, as to procure the manumission of the woman and child. Upon getting to the magistrate's, he stated, with much confidence, that if we would accompany him to a house in Spruce street, a few doors above Fifth, he could satisfy us that he was innocent in the affair, and we concluded to comply with his request,—and we left the office, (that is, two members of the Abolition Society beside myself, and the Frenchman.) Upon arriving at the place designated, we were introduced into the back parlor, which we found filled with Frenchmen, some of whom stepped in between our prisoner and us, and let him out the back way, without attempting any explanation. They soon shewed signs of violence, and my two companions withdrew, when they laid hold of me and carried me out and deposited me upon the step of the front door, and immediately closed it. We returned to the magistrate and reported the result of our mission, and then separated to go to our respective homes. As I was walking deliberately down Spruce street, at the corner of Third street, I come in contact again with the Frenchman, who had been a few minutes before rescued, and before he was aware of it, I took him by the button of his coat, and observed, "We have met again." He was very much alarmed, and at once said he would do anything I desired. He accordingly procured the manumission of the woman and child, when he was set at liberty.

Romaine and his wife were under middle age, and were very good looking; their features were regular, and gave evidence of considerable intelligence, and I was informed they had been faithful slaves.

It will be seen that the circumstances here related, occurred many years ago, but they made such a deep impression on my mind, that he are now as fresh before me as though it was but yesterday.

We often hear it said that the slaves are contented and happy. This case is but one, among many, that has come to my knowledge, where they have preferred death to slavery.

* In conversation with this man afterwards, he admitted to me that he was on one side of Romaine and the constable on the other.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1840.

John G. Whittier.

Who could have thought, while contemplating the lofty effusions of our anti-slavery bard, that "new organization" would ever be able to "tame" or to "catch" his etherial spirit, or fetter his free limbs in its narrow harness. Alas! has it not caught him, and reduced him, and tamed him, as to all further co-operation in the enterprise of which he has ever been the ornament and pride? It may be to humble us in the dust, that star after star in our enterprise is thus starting from its sphere in the anti-slavery firmament, and disappearing like an exploded meteor. Whittier, at length, goes out, we fear, among the other wandering luminaries. We speak it with grief, for we have gloried in his light and beauty. But, henceforth, we look for him no longer blazing in the anti-slavery van, bearing his shield gallantly abreast of the "Liberator"—celebrating the triumphs of Freedom in deathless verse, and bursting forth on tyranny in volcanic explosion, as it developed itself from time to time, under the Ithuriel touches of our movement. We look no longer for his banner in the anti-slavery field. He is transferred to another service—can it be so?—his high powers enlisted in the advocacy of the claims of the "GREAT AMERICAN STATESMAN" (so the "Abolitionist" calls our brother Birney) to the presidency of these United States!! This advocacy is not *anti-slavery*. The anti-slavery enterprise has not yet degenerated to that. That wilder than Quixotic errantry is not to be the catastrophe of our mighty movement. "Millenial fire-shadowing" we will not denominate it. Will-o-the-wisp-ism—Jack-o-lantern-ism—humbuggery and *lightning-bug-ism*, that farcical speculation seems to us to be. We hardly believe our ears, when we hear such men as Whittier mentioned as its advocates or serious countenancers. It is the crazy upshot of new organization, an outlet at which the political branch of its desertion from our cause will give itself final vent. We may be the mad-man. Time, however, will soon show.

We are constrained to these remarks, at this time, by the appearance of a letter of friend Whittier in the Pennsylvania Freeman, which by this time has gone the anti-slavery rounds, in which he disposes of us with as little ceremony as the London Committee did of the American delegates to the "World's Convention." He sets us down as altogether too serial and sublimated to appreciate substantial and sober abolitionism—for such he seems to esteem that of our *subject* friends on the other side of the water, and that only. *New* England anti-slavery he deems wildfire and mania, and henceforth we are to look abroad for our anti-slavery model, as we are, according to the Philanthropist, for the rudimental principles of Human Rights. We will send our Declaration of Independence, which is but a "rhetorical flourish," over to the mother country, and have it *sobered* down to the Bill of Rights of 1688, or the old Runymead charter. But we will give friend W.'s letter, and ask him the indulgence of a few notes upon it, in our moon-struck way.

AMESBURY, Ninth month 24, 1840.

DEAR FRIEND,—Welcoming the "FREEMAN" this morning, as I would the familiar face of an old friend, I am induced, albeit not in the writing mood, to send thee a line: and thus commune in *letter* as well as in *spirit* with my Pennsylvania friends. I am glad to see the details of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention(1) published at length in the Freeman. The more I examine the proceedings(2) of that meeting,—the moral and religious worth, talent, rank and political influence combined in it,—its steady, undiverted attention, to the one great object,—the wide range of its inquiries, and the sober, business-like manner in which they seem to have been prosecuted,—the more I am constrained to acknowledge, that it has fully realized my most sanguine expectations.(3) How refreshing, how animating, has been the voice which it has sent over the waters, those of us can tell, who have listened unwillingly to the mutual criminations and reproaches of those once dear to each other as laborers in the cause of Emancipation,—at a time, too, when under the mighty temptation of Party Politics, our once firm and unbroken host is every where going over to the enemy.(4) It has awakened new hope—a livelier faith—it has been as water in a dry land, as food in the wilderness, and we feel that like the Tishbite of old we can go long days in the strength thereof.(5)

The rejection of the women delegates from this country, however it may be viewed by some of our friends—seems to me to afford no just grounds or even excuse for a general and sweeping condemnation of that great and important meeting.(6) Our enemies, of course, will do all in their power to disparage it, and counteract its influence.(7) Let us beware how we aid them.(8). Let pro-slavery editors glean nothing from anti-slavery journals or speeches in support of their assertion that it was "a failure."(9) Whatever may be our opinions of the disposal of the question of "women's rights," or of any other distinct and extraneous matter,(10) —let us see to it that we do not gladden the heart of the slave-holder, by depreciating and under-valuing its really glorious ANTI-SLAVERY character.(11) Well and fully, in my view, it fulfilled its great mission. The work which was given it to do, it has done, to the uttermost. For this let us rejoice. If our friend Garrison could not conscientiously sit in it, he did right in holding himself aloof, and I respect him for it: but let him not make his own conscience the standard for others. Let him consider, too, whether, if the decision had been in accordance with his own feelings, and, contrary to the intentions of those who called the convention, and the established usage of European abolitionists, women had been admitted as delegates; and James G. Birney had felt conscientiously bound, in consequence, to withdraw from the meeting, together with all who agreed with him in sentiment,—he would have treated *their* consciences with the respect which he now claims for his own.(12)

I have seen in a letter, written by William Howitt (who was not, by the way, a member of the Convention, and who has never taken any especial interest in the cause of Emancipation) a singular reason assigned for the decision of the Convention. It is stated that the "Othodox Friends" of England, were unwilling to sit in Convention with Lucretia Mott, on account of her heterodoxy! The letter entire bears evidence of a disaffected and bitter spirit on the part of its writer towards the Society of Friends, whose discipline and testimonies he has long since discarded. Who are the men, whose characters are assailed in this miserable suspicion?(13)—The Sturges, Allens, Fosters, Gurneys, Alexanders and Staceys,—the "Orthodox Quakers" of England—the men who according to the concurrent testimony of all, have been the very soul and sinew of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, from the outset:—who, in the prosecution of their benevolent labors, have associated freely and unhesitatingly with all classes and sects in the United Kingdom; and who were the first to welcome to the warm hospitality of their families and fire-sides, the philanthropic and gifted stranger,(14) not as a "Hicksite Quakeress," but as a friend of the perishing slave. I cannot, without farther and better evidence, credit for a moment the idea that they have made their abolitionism thus pitifully subservient to sectarian prejudice.

The gifted editor of the Herald of Freedom, who was one of those who declined a seat in the Convention, says that "the great mass of British Abolitionism is more despotic, as well as more servile than our republican pro-slavery!" "I would sooner," he adds, "trust our enterprise in the hands of *our pro-slavery mob* than in the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society!"(15) I am not aware how far the "pro-slavery mob" of Concord and vicinity has improved since 1835(16)—when it hunted for the life of George Thompson, and failing of that, seemed disposed to take myself and the lamented Kimball, as substitutes—but really had friend Rogers been, like myself, the target for its brick bats, on that occasion, he would have hardly complimented its leaders, abettors and actors, by representing them as more trust-worthy friends of Emancipation than the Scobles, Prices, Sturges, Jameses, Allens and Buxtons of England. "They have no *freedom* in England," he continues, "and how can they have *anti-slavery*?" Logical and convincing might this be, did not 800,000 FACTS to the contrary, in the redeemed and disenchained islands of the West Indies, start up before us—did not the voices of emancipated men, and women and children in those islands,(17) rising above the roar of many waters, bemurmuring the "still vexed Bermoothes," invoke blessings upon the heads of the men whom our brother has termed "despotic" and "servile"—less worthy than "our pro-slavery mob."(18)

(1) Have a care of "poetical flourishes," friend W. "The World's Convention" was but one—one of thine, and it led us, according to the British Committee, a wild goose chase over the Atlantic. That Convention has not been holden and its "details" are imaginary. There was one summoned. We were delegated to it, by the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the little Spartan band of abolitionists in New Hampshire, and we went "dreaming" over the water of a gathering of

"The pledged philanthropy of earth!"

But we were awakened from our "dream," at London, by the British and Foreign Committee, with the consoling intelligence that no such Convention was in session there—that we had been hoaxed, by a "poetical flourish of John G. Whittier." We assure friend W. that no such Convention was held.

(2) Which of its "proceedings" most commends itself to friend W.'s approval, its rejection of the national American delegates, or its denial of the vital right of protest? These were sample of its proceedings. Of its anti-slavery resolves we say nothing. They were well enough, as far as they went. They came, however, altogether short of the occasion, and were hardly worth going 3,000 miles to pass. We do not fancy circumnavigating the globe, or a third of the globe, to reiterate self-evident truisms—the assertion of which never will move a moral muscle of the world. We have more important anti-slavery business at home than that, and life is short.

(3) Then friend W. should not have issued his summons. If he plead that it was a "poetical flourish," we reply, that anti-slavery has no right to flourish in prose or poetry. We are not playing a game of flourishes. Friend W.'s "expectations" in that summons are of something beyond a *close communion* Conference. No more like a "World's Convention" was it, than new organization is like old—or than Pennsylvania Hall, as at present *organized*, to what it was when it echoed, at the "opening," to the prophet-like warnings of Garnson, and the gorgeous imaginations of Alvan Stewart.

(4) Not all going over. More than 300 yet remain, that lap the water in the heat and thirst of the advancing march, and will not stoop to *drink* while the enemy is unsubdued in the field.

(5) The fare of the Tishbite, we believe, was but *bread* and *water*. It was the miracle that sustained him his 40 days' journey. *With a miracle*, we could live awhile on the dry statistics of the London Conference—not without. Slavery will live forever on such fare—or in spite of its remedial effect. It will thrive on it as the foreign slave trade has on British acts of Parliament and American acts of Congress. Not so, had that body been what it was called to be, "the World's Convention!" Its very organization would have shaken the world. A Convention, at London, of men and women, without distinction of nation, color, condition or creed, or any of those "inventions," of which fallen "man has sought out" so "many," to the confusion and misery of the human family, would, in its very organization, have done more for human liberty than this London Conference, with all their *statistics* and *figures*, could do in ten centuries. The evils we went to remedy are too deep-seated and radical to be reached by *statistics*. They are too inveterate to be *cast out by figures*. Such an organization would have made the British Throne tremble. We should, to be sure, have foregone the patronage of Prince Albert, and forfeited the "condescension" of Sussex; but we should have awakened a vital spark in the people of Britain, and of the civilized world. But this is "fire-shadowing."

(6) We are humbled to hear our brother W. speak thus of this *outrageous* rejection. Suppose Remond had been rejected by "British usage," for his *unusual* complexion; would Whittier have spoken thus of it? Would he not have been out from his Amesbury retreat with another

"Now by our fathers' ashes"!

Would he not have spoken—

"As the tempest does—sterner and stronger"?

Or were all of friend W.'s fine out-bursts mere "poetical flourishes?" Political petitions were trifled with by a Congress of slaveholders, and friend W. "flourished" like a tornado. *Humanity* is trifled with, *in propria persona*, and rejected and set at nought before all the world, and abolitionism, of the type friend W. has professed these seven years, trodden under foot, and by a professed Anti-Slavery Conference, and friend W. *quietly* says, "however it may be received by some of our friends,"—and roars as gently at it as any *unweaned* slave. Why, it ought to have dismantled the meeting! Wendell Phillips ought to have turned that massive lodge-room into a Revolutionary Faneuil Hall, and Green Mountain Miller to have played the moral Ethan Allen there. But they were not in old Boston, or at Ticonderoga. They were in Royal London. O that Garrison had been there! "One blast upon his bugle-horn were worth a thousand men!" and he would have blown it, and O'CONNELL would have heard it, and GEORGE THOMPSON, who was all but mute in that *anti-slavery* meeting, and tame as any old lion that had crouched in the Tower of London for half a century—one note from old Massachusetts—freshly landing—would have roused all the Numidian in him, and Freemasons' Hall would not have held that committee-ridden Conference, had it laid its hand on a hair of the head of equal, birth-right human Liberty. But this is all "millenial fire-shadowing." We ask friend Whittier's *sober* pardon.

(7) Our enemies do nothing to disparage a meeting, which rejects anti-slavery delegates—does any thing to nullify its professed principles. They have no occasion to disparage it. The South will not disparage the London Conference, when they have learned its true character. They will laugh in their sleeves, when they shall learn that it was such a meeting as the anti-slavery Garrison could not countenance. Any thing for the South, but New England abolitionism. They will cry hurrah for Old England, so long as she will trample on that. They will rank her anti-slavery, so long as it remains of the Sussex type. We tell friend W. that slavery cares nothing for *abstract* resolutions, provided those who pass them give them the lie in practice. They fear nothing from advocates of Human Rights, who trample Humanity under foot meanwhile. The delegate-exclusions of the London Conference will more than nullify all their resolves.

(8) Nothing aids the enemy, like despotism and slaveholding spirit in an anti-slavery organization. And of all kinds of this, the most to be deprecated is that which degrades woman. It is the most dishonoring and the most injurious to our cause. We would much rather man were rejected than woman. We can better spare him from the enterprise. He does far less for its advancement. He is not able to do so much for it. Anti-slavery is peculiarly woman's work—slavery man's. Man is a tyrant. He has enslaved woman among his other slaves. She naturally sympathizes with those in bonds. She remembers them as "she is bound with them." Our enterprise is hopeless under the agency of men. It is perfectly suicidal to exclude woman, and to assign her her sphere is to exclude her. Colonization assigns the colored man his sphere and *his place*, where he can rise and be honored. So new organization honors woman. We had rather have the anti-slavery aid of one New Hampshire woman, such as we have many of in our ranks, than a regiment of London Committee men. We had rather have one Mary Clark, than John Scoble, Joseph Sturge, Judge Birney, Prince Albert, and Duke Sussex, all put together, and multiplied any fold you please.

(9) If that Conference was not "a failure," then our enterprise will be a failure. It has already, in that case, spent itself. It is *functus officio*. We do not assert that all it did was useless or wrong. We have made the most of their anti-slavery resolves we could. But, considering the occasion, to go no further than they did, was in effect to defeat the meeting. They sacrificed humanity to British usage. This was worse than nothing, a good deal. Their meeting is to be taken *all together*, in estimating it. Remember, it was a meeting of all nations, or of the people of all nations. They went a great way to meet. They should have started, when together, on the advance ground of the freest spirits and freest lands of the whole. They should not have based themselves on any thing behind that. Those resolutions were well enough, but not worth going the world over to pass them. The London Committee might pass them well enough, in some of their own small Broad-street meetings. There were two things, however, incident to that Conference, which they could not have achieved, viz: "The Protest," and *the position in the gallery*. Friend W. need not fear the enemy will come to glean encouragement from our anti-slavery sheets. They could not even *glean* here,—while they may *reap harvests* of encouragement in the prints of new organization.

(10) "Other distinct and extraneous matter"! There was a Convention of anti-slavery delegates. Certain delegates presented their credentials of delegation, and they were rejected. A member moved they be received and considered, and friend W. calls it moving "extraneous matter"! Then the organization of any meeting is a matter *extraneous* to that meeting. What, then, is *intrinsic*? Friend W. talks of "Woman's Rights." That was not the question. It was whether the American Anti-Slavery Society was competent to choose its own delegates, or whether the London Committee should choose for them. It was whether the Society should be insulted and dishonored before the world, because they sent a woman to represent them!

(11) Its character as a whole is not anti-slavery, but pro-slavery, and abolitionists cannot call it anti-slavery. "We are all anti-slavery at the North," says the pro-slavery minister, or politician. "We don't hold slaves; we allow no slavery here." Are they not, nevertheless, pro-slavery?—The London Committee call slaveholding a sin, and flout at Americans for being slaveholders. But when anti-slavery sends its delegates to London, that Committee rejects them. So the pro-slavery minister and politician here, while they claim to be against slavery, will denounce the abolition movement, and mob our meetings. One is gloriously anti-slavery as truly as the other, however they may differ in pro-slavery degree. We say that, on the whole, all the new organized abolitionism is in effect and in character pro-slavery. A clear anti-slavery eye, or single eye, sees it so, and time will prove it so to all eyes.

(12) The conscience that will defer genuine abolitionism to European usage, however long established, is entitled to no respect. It is not a conscience. Conscience does not do such things. It is prejudice setting conscience at nought. Usage ought not to have settled this matter. It should have been considered and settled as a matter of *principle*. O'Connell so considered it at last, and so settled it against the Committee, and against friend Whittier; and had O'Connell considered it seasonably, he would not have sanctioned the Conference, that excluded Lucretia Mott, or any other abolitionist, by his presence. The question should have been discussed and settled on its merits, and then it would not have been disposed of by the misgivings of the noble Thompson, the bigotry of Sturge, the servile uppishness of Scoble, or the new organized sneers of Colver,—Colver, who played the ecclesiastical Atherton there, by laying a Protest on the British table, to be neither acted on or printed among the doings of the Conference.

(13) No matter "*who*." It is not *who* men are, but *what* they are, and *what* they *do*. And *what did* these men, before whom friend Whittier bows with such "deferential horror?" They arbitrarily and tyrannically—yea, despotically, they shut the door in the face of delegates from anti-slavery societies after they had gone across the ocean—thus dishonoring the anti-slavery movement before the whole world. They could not have done worse. Calhoun and M'Duffie would not have done so badly. They would have rejected nobody but slaves. This is bad enough—we will not contend, on the whole, but as bad as the other.

(14) The slaveholder welcomes the slave, but it is as a slave. He rejects him, if he comes as a *freeman*. Pro-slavery assigns colored *freedom* a like *gallery* in Liberia.—The London Quakers were very courteous to Lucretia Mott, but it was as a woman, as an inferior, as one incompetent to mental and moral association with man; and they *Quakers*, too, who could invite Elizabeth Fry and Duchess Sutherland on to the right hand of the "condescending" Sussex, when he let himself down from the infinite heights of royalty, to preside at Joseph Sturge's anti-slavery meeting in Exeter Hall. We ask Joseph how he came to admit those women to support Sussex in *presiding* at that public meeting, while he was rejecting Lucretia Mott from a seat on the floor of Freemasons' Hall, where Sussex did not "condescend" to appear? Why was it? Was it because Sutherland was a Duchess, and Fry an *Orthodox* Quakeress? Which would offend British usage most, allowing Lucretia Mott to raise her hand, and perhaps her calm, clear, impressive voice, in a *quiet* assembly, (as that Conference ought to have been,) or to allow those other two women to help a Duke preside over a promiscuous assembly, filling the largest room in Britain! We have nothing to do with Wm. Howitt's conjecture of the motive of Lucretia Mott's exclusion. We protest against the rejection. We had rather, however, it should be done on the score of sect, than of sex. The first is bigotry, and each sect plays at the game. The other is slaveholding of the rankest character, and would forever prevent the abolition of American slavery.

(15) A New England pro-slavery mob has more of the principles of genuine abolitionism than the London Committee. Indeed it has more than the "property and standing" have, who set them on to us. We had rather undertake the conversion of the worst mob ever convoked in New England, to genuine abolitionism, than either our pro-slavery pulpit, our unprincipled new organizationists,—(there are doubtless many honest ones, who want only to be undeceived,)—or the London Committee. We would not trust our enterprise, of course, with either of them. The London Committee can scarcely become abolitionists.—They cannot be made to comprehend our enterprise. Our mob could teach them the first principles of republicanism. They hold to it in theory, and generally in practice. The Committee are *subjects*. They hold to subjection as an abstract duty, and to supremacy as an abstract right. They can't be abolitionists, except in a very *limited* sense—about as near the genuine as monarchy is to equal liberty.

(16) Our mob has not improved. It has only got familiar with anti-slavery. It has grown more orderly. Friend W. would think better of it, perhaps. We do not. They did not do a trick in '35 equal to offering up human rights, and *anti-slavery* rights, too, on the altar of British usage!

(17) Does friend W. consider the emancipated slaves of Jamaica *freemen*? If they are, they are more than their old masters ever were, or their fellow subjects in England. To be sure, they are not slaves. Compared with slaves, they are free. But they are yet far from human freedom,—such even as our republicanism contemplates. We find no fault with British subjection in this behalf. But it must not presume to fetter American anti-slavery. We can't trust our enterprise in such hands. It is hardly safe in the hands of the fire-tried abolitionism of New England. We go for the largest, *proper*, human Liberty. Nothing short of this has force to abolish American slavery.

(18) Not "less worthy." We made no comparison of worthiness. We spoke only of competency to carry on our anti-slavery enterprise. They are "*despotic*" enough to reject woman from equality of moral rights with man—and yet "*servile*" enough to be her *subjects*. Our "republican pro-slavery" would not be *subject*, though they hold woman in about the estimation they learned to hold her in of their mother country. They are despotic enough towards woman, but hardly up to the old countries, we think. We hope to cure them of it by the force of anti-slavery truth.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

Amos Wood Excommunicated.

Our brother Wood has not only been imprisoned in Hopkinton jail for being "conscientiously scrupulous," as a Christian, "of bearing arms,"—but he has been excommunicated by the Reverend Mr. Noyes' Church, for being alike "scrupulous," as a Christian, of supporting a pro-slavery pulpit. He was a deacon of the South Church, Concord, N. H. Of his ardent and heavenly-minded piety—his devotedness to the cause of Christ—his exemplary life and conversation, it behooves not us to speak. They are known to all the people of this place, who, however they may despise him as the friend of the outcast slave, cannot withhold from him the most spotless character. The pulpit of his meeting house was occupied by a pro-slavery minister. The church occupied a position of most inconsistent character on this subject and other moral subjects of the day. Brother Wood, to bear his testimony against that position, absented himself from the South church meeting, and declined paying to support its minister—as he most unquestionably had a right to do, and was bound to, as he felt and believed in regard to anti-slavery, &c.

He attended a little meeting of independent anti-slavery worshippers, as he had equal right to do.

The church called him to account for it, and instead of attempting to show him that he was wrong as a Christian, excommunicated him.

The military power stood ready to take him and carry him to Hopkinton jail.

☞ For the latest specimen of the prevailing democracy, see the article on the first page, from the New Era.

Mr. Pierpont and his Parish.

Few of our readers can be ignorant of the controversy which has existed for a long time between Mr. PIERPONT of the Hollis Street Society, Boston, and a majority of the proprietors of the meeting-house in which he preaches. We say the *proprietors of the meeting-house*—not the church or the congregation—for a large majority of the latter are entirely satisfied with his course; while the prominent leaders of the opposition do not even attend his meeting—having, in several instances, become pew-holders for the avowed purpose of procuring his dismission! The secret of their hatred and opposition lies in the fact, that Mr. Pierpont has been an active friend and a warm advocate of the temperance cause, and that he is understood to sympathize, to some extent, with the abolitionists. They have tried various expedients to effect their object—expedients, too, which show them to be utterly void of honor and moral principle—persecutors and assassins at heart; but, hitherto, all their plottings and machinations have been signally defeated. Every move, in fact, which they have made, has only sunk them deeper in the mire, at the same time that it has elevated higher, and still higher, in the estimation of all honorable men, him whom they have abused and persecuted. Several months ago, they ventured to table certain charges against Mr. Pierpont, and agreed to go before a mutual Council of ministers and laymen, to investigate them, and decide upon their truth or falsehood. Before the time, however, when this Council was to meet, they violated their written agreement, and refused to go to trial upon the charges which they had brought against him—charges which involved not only his ministerial, but moral character. Next they attempted to change the issue, and proposed to him to call a Council upon a new basis, and to try him upon a series of allegations so general as to render a defence difficult, if not impossible. The correspondence of the parties in relation to this new proposition has just been published, and we are indebted for a copy of it to our highly esteemed friend FRANCIS JACKSON. The reply of Mr. Pierpont is bold, dignified, and severe. Some portions of it do not seem to us to be quite consistent with the spirit of forgiveness which the gospel enjoins; but it is a scorching exposition of the faithlessness and hypocrisy of his opponents, and a triumphant defence of his own conduct. Of course he refuses to accede to their last proposition, and holds them to their previous written engagement, with a firmness which must dissipate all their hopes of evading the issue which they now regard as unfortunate, if not fatal to their cause. Crowded as our columns are at the present time, we must, nevertheless, find room for the following extract, which will serve as a specimen of the tone and spirit of the whole production:

In your present movement for a Council, you say that you have omitted from your "General Statement" of the reasons of your call, certain of the subjects of complaint before specified to me. And I see that you *have* omitted several of the gravest and grossest of your former charges. *Why* have you done this? Your letter gives me to understand that it is not because you have become convinced that those charges are false and injurious to *me*, but because they have operated unfavorably to yourselves. They have been stumbling blocks in the way of the Council;—a body whose action *you* have asked for, not I;—to subserve your purpose, not mine. You say that those specifications are now omitted, in order "to obviate the objections which, you understand, prevented some of the churches invited by the Hollis Street Church to sit in Council, from accepting that invitation," and, again, you say that you omit them "*only* to prevent a second failure in obtaining a mutual Council." It is not, then, because you believe me guiltless of those charges—guiltless of a want of decency in my public ministrations, and of a want of integrity and of a regard for truth in my secular affairs, that you now leave out those gross accusations. Nor yet is it in tenderness towards me or mine that you forbear to press them; but "*only* to prevent a second failure in obtaining a mutual Council." And yet, the *ninth* of the Reasons that you now allege for the dissolution of my connexion with your society, is:—"Because the controversy which exists, and is likely to continue, between said Pastor and Society, is a scandal and an injury to the Christian cause." The Christian cause, then, is to be guarded against injury and scandal, by bringing the pastor of a Christian church before a Council, to answer for some of his lighter offences, and by letting him go at large among the Christian churches, "unwhipped of justice" for his more heinous sins! As guardians of "the Christian cause,"

"Will ye the felon fox restrain,
And yet take off the tiger's chain?"

But, Gentlemen, passing by this commendable jealousy of yours for the welfare of the Christian cause, at large, I cannot see—though you may—how you can justify yourselves, as an accusing and a prosecuting Committee of a particular society of Christians, whose sole "purpose" it is to extrude its pastor from his pulpit, in thus giving his greater sins the go-by, and bringing him before Councils for his less. *If you believe* that the charges brought against me last July are true;—charges of impurity of mind, indecency in language, and frauds and falsehood in business, it seems to me that you owe it to yourselves, to your object, to your own church, to all the churches and to "the Christian cause" at large, to prosecute those charges to final judgment. To yourselves you owe it;—for you will thus prove yourselves true men, in that you have said of me only what you believe is true. To your object you owe it;—for, if those specific allegations are proved, not only am I cast out of my own pulpit, and every other pulpit, but I am branded with disgrace to your entire satisfaction; and thus your object is effected. And you owe it to your own church, to all other churches and to the Christian cause at large;—for all these ought to be ministered to with clean hands. If, on the other hand, you do *not believe* that those atrocious charges are true, let me ask you, as men who have either "raised a false report," or "taken up a reproach against your neighbor," and accused him falsely, whether you do not owe it to *me* to retract those accusations;—openly, frankly, manfully to retract them; retract them as solemnly as you have made them; retract them in a document signed by all of you, who have put your names to *them*, that I may file it with the other papers in this case; and retract them, too, upon the Records of your Society, so far as you have placed them there; placed them there before they were communicated to me, and before I ever saw them;—placed them there, as I cannot but think, in an evil hour for yourselves.

"THE AMERICAN CHURCHES THE BULWARKS OF SLAVERY."—Our readers have already been informed that this is the title of a pamphlet, published by James G. Birney, in England. Mark the import of the words, and let us see how they comport with his recent course in this country.—"The *Church* the bulwark of slavery?" That, it would seem, is the "*Foreign*" side of the matter, while the "*American*" presents to us the *political parties* as the great obstacle to be removed. If the foreign view be the correct one, (and that it is, it were absurd to doubt,) then it seems pertinent to inquire whether the leading measure of the new organization, of which Mr. Birney is the chosen head and representative, is adapted to the removal of "*the bulwark*." Will "the terse literature of the northern ballot-box," (to use the quaint expression of Alvan Stewart,) in other words, the universal panacea of the third party, purify and reform the great ecclesiastical organizations of the country, and bring our Doctors of Divinity and Theological Professors to repentance? We ask not, now, whether that measure tends to *fortify* the ecclesiastical "bulwark," behind which the slaveholder has taken refuge, but simply whether it has any *peculiar adaptation* to the work of *demolishing* that "bulwark." We think our third party friends will hardly claim that as one of its virtues. They may say that the application of the same principles which have led them to form a third party will work out such a result. But there is the very pinch: most of them shrink from such an application of their principles; and at the same time that they demand an entire renunciation of the great political parties, (not merely a refusal to vote for pro-slavery candidates,) they show no signs of leaving their pro-slavery church organizations. Many of them actually support a pro-slavery pulpit; in other words, they have a higher standard by which to measure their candidates for political office than that by which they try the incumbents of the clerical office! Look, for example, at Amos A. Phelps, in full communion with Hubbard Winslow, and receiving ordination at his hands! Look at Orange Scott, clinging to the Methodist church, in spite of its utter rottenness on the question of slavery! Look at James G. Birney, in full communion with the Presbyterian church, which constitutes, according to his own confession, an important part of the "bulwark of slavery"! We have been told, also, that Alvan Stewart has left an anti-slavery for a pro-slavery church, and that he contributes to the support of a minister who is dumb on the subject of slavery; while he contends that it is a sin to support as a *constable* or a *path-master*, a man who is not an abolitionist! These facts speak volumes, as to the state of mind which led to the formation of the third party, and cast a dark shade of suspicion over the motives of many who are active in pressing that measure, at the hazard of dividing our once harmonious ranks.

CONGRESS met on Monday. The President's message had not arrived when our paper went to press.

THE CHRONICLE.

Rhode Island.

The proceedings of the late annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society were briefly noticed last week. The following communication, which came too late for our last, will be perused with interest.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 29, 1840.

DEAR FRIEND:—Another annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Anti-Slavery Society has been held. Its testimonies have been in favor of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with its shoreless platform, its spirit of toleration, its bold and determined assaults on the strong-holds of slavery, and its beautiful organ, which, with the same spirit that animated the Society's official paper in days of yore, is ever ready to do battle in the hottest of the conflict.

How mistaken are those who think, that, because some who have been eminent among us, and others who have been called prudent, have withdrawn, and given a new presentation of anti-slavery to the world, that the old American Anti-Slavery Society must become obsolete!

The American churches were recorded on the annals of this Society as the strong-holds of American slavery. Are not these churches proved to be selfish and power-seeking bodies? Do they not leave the oppressed in his chains? Do they not deride the poor? Do they not abet slavery? Do they not calumniate the colored man, and slander his advocates? The American church is destined to destruction, unless she speedily purify herself from her corruptions.—Will she do this? Alas! there is, we fear, little ground for such a hope. Notwithstanding the apparent fidelity of some of its members, and a few of its preachers, it cannot be doubted that the so-called Christian Church is irremediably pro-slavery. The churches which profess to be anti-slavery, are not numerous enough to be counted in estimating the character of the Church, considered as a whole; and the abolit

Resolved, That notwithstanding the fiend-like opposition and cold-hearted indifference which the great mass of the people in this country, both in Church and State, have manifested to the cause of the suffering bondman, and the unfaithfulness of many in the hour of trial who have taken the name of Abolitionists, we yet have abundant reason to thank God and take courage in view of the past progress of our cause in this and other lands, and believing, as we do, that truth is mighty through His name to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin, and that it will ultimately triumph over all iniquity, we here pledge ourselves to one another, to the world, and to God; that we will continue; and, if possible, increase our exertions for the overthrow of slavery while life and strength shall be given us, or until it shall cease to degrade and brutalize and murder the human race.

Resolved, That the so called American Church, exerting as it does almighty influence upon the moral and Christian character of the people of this country, and being, as it is, hostile to the freedom of the slaves in our midst, must be regarded as the main pillar of that vile system which grinds them in the dust, and while it occupies this position, should receive no countenance or support from any who claim to be friends of humanity.

Resolved, That "new organization," alias recreancy to first principles, is one of the greatest obstacles at present in the way of the anti-slavery cause, and must be removed, and in doing this we are not holding a controversy with the friends of our cause, but exposing treachery and treason in the camp.

Resolved, That so long as millions of our fellow-countrymen are held in ruthless bondage and deprived of all their inalienable rights, indifference to their situation, and more especially on the part of those who profess to be the disciples of Christ, is highly criminal and evinces a state of mind which neither fears God nor regards man.

Resolved, That this Society cordially approves of the proposition of the Hon. Thomas Morris, of Ohio, for an anti-slavery convention of delegates to be held in Washington during the next session of Congress, to watch over the movements of that body in relation to slavery.

The following persons were selected as officers of the Society.

President—Peleg C. Clarke, Coventry.

Vice Presidents—James Eames, Providence; William Adams, Pawtucket; William H. Anthony, Coventry; John Brown, E. Greenwich; Stephen Smith, Jr. Westerly; John Hall, Wickford; William French, South Kingstown; Jethro F. Mitchell, Maddletown; George J. Adams, Fiskville; Edward Lawton, Newport; Jeremiah Smith, Smithfield; Philip Wilbur, Little Compton; Smith Battey, Providence.

Corresponding Secretary, George L. Clarke, Providence.

Recording Secretary, William Aplin, Providence.

Treasurer, Martin Robinson.

Auditor, Joseph A. Barker.

Executive Committee—Martin Robinson, Henry Cushing, Wm. Aplin, Christopher A. Greene, John S. Eddy, Thomas Davis, George L. Clarke, William Chace, Joseph A. Barker, Sarah A. Chace, James Eames, Alphonzo R. Janes, Providence, Martin Cheney, Johnston; William Adams, Joseph Sisson, Jr., Daniel Mitchell, Pawtucket; Susan Sisson, N. Providence; Abel Tanner, Warwick; George S. Gould, Cranston.

Anti-Slavery Congress at Washington.

The proposition of ex-Senator Morris, to hold an Anti-Slavery Convention at Washington during the session of Congress, has met with no opposition, we believe, from abolitionists, in any part of the country; while most, if not all of the anti-slavery papers, and several Societies and Conventions, have expressed themselves in favor of it. For our own part, if it is to be held, we shall protest against the select and exclusive character which some have proposed to give to it. We want no Conventions made up of the self-styled "judicious" friends of our cause, to the exclusion of any body who may wish to attend. There is not, and there cannot be, any good reason for excluding a single soul who may desire to be present. We want no irresponsible committee, like that which issues its edicts from the British metropolis, to lord it over the anti-slavery people.

There seems, however, to be little probability that the proposed Congress will be constituted the present year.—The following paragraph from the Philanthropist no doubt expresses the feelings of the great body of abolitionists respecting it

We are inclined to think that so important a measure should be well considered, before an attempt is made to carry it into execution. There is scarcely time before the next session of Congress, to have it brought before the notice of abolitionsts throughout the country, secure their hearty co-operation, and arrange the necessary preliminaries of such a meeting. It seems to us, therefore, that it would be best to defer an attempt to bring the measure about at the approaching session of Congress. Meantime, the proposition can be taken up in the conventions which are to be held in the several States, time will be afforded for correspondence on the subject; and it can at last be brought before the National Anti-Slavery Convention, which it is in contemplation to hold next spring or summer. By that time, abolitionists may be prepared to adopt some judicious plan for carrying the measure into effect.

EMIGRATION TO THE NORTH.—A gentleman in this city has recently received a letter from a friend in Ohio, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:—"We have with us to-night a likely, stout man, who is travelling towards the North star! The man who claimed him as property in Lincoln county, Ky., undertook to whip him with a hickory withe. The slave knocked him down, and left him, after having thrown him against a pile of stones. He afterwards saw him rise and sit upright. Fifty miles from his starting place, two men dismounted from their horses in the night, to stop him for a runaway. One of them he overset with his cane, the other with his fist—and left them both sprawling in the road. I am not yet non-resistant enough to condemn him very vehemently for what he has done, under the circumstances, although I hope he will not be so naughty again. We have had numerous travellers here from the South this fall."

THE SYNOD OF OHIO, at its late meeting, re-affirmed its former resolution on the subject of slavery. As it is not published with the minutes, we are left in ignorance of its character. It is worthy of remark, however, that in the Synod's enumeration of "the great benevolent objects of the day," the anti-slavery enterprise is *not* included. These ecclesiastical bodies need watching. By giving a cold assent to resolutions so carefully worded as to offend nobody, many of them hope to wipe out the stain of pro-slavery, which their past indifference or hostility to abolition efforts has affixed to them. Be not deceived. Faith without works is dead.

FAIR OF THE BOSTON FEMALE A. S. SOCIETY.—This Fair, says the Liberator, is avowedly for the purpose of sustaining the anti-slavery cause, in its old organized form, and in its pristine vigor and purity. It is to be held during Christmas week; and, from the active preparations that are making in its behalf by the free spirited women of the Commonwealth, we have no doubt that it will surpass every similar Fair that has been held in this city. Special pains will be taken to have it conducted on the most unexceptionable principles; and to the complete satisfaction of those who may feel disposed to patronize it. Would that a spirit could be roused up in its behalf, more enthusiastic, as well as more merciful, than Bunker Hill has, on any occasion, or for any purpose, been able to excite!

FRIENDS IN INDIANA.—By a letter from Arnold Buffum, published in the last Emancipator, we learn that a Convention of members of the Society of Friends, (Orthodox,) from various parts of the State, was held at Economy, Indiana, on the 9th ultimo, at which it was agreed to recommend to Friends throughout that yearly meeting to organize Friends' Anti-Slavery Societies; and a call was issued for a General Friends' Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held at the same place, January 11, 1841. It was also agreed to establish a semi-monthly paper, by the title of "Friends' Anti-Slavery Chronicle, and Advocate of Peace." Several persons of commanding influence in the Society were among the most prominent actors in this Convention.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The London Conference excluded some of the delegates from anti-slavery societies in this country, and when a respectful protest against its conduct was offered, it was "laid upon the table" on motion of the Rev. N. Colver, "undebated, unconsidered, and unreferred," just as the American Congress lays upon the table the petitions of freemen. The Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society, (whose delegate could not conscientiously join the Convention while a portion of his fellow-laborers were excluded,) passed a resolution condemning the action of the said Conference on this question; and when a protest against this resolution was presented by Rev. C. W. Denison, it was, on motion of Wm. M. Chace, ordered to be published with the proceedings of the Society. Can any body tell why the protest, in the first instance, was treated with contempt, while in the other it was respectfully considered, and the request of the author regarded? D'ye give it up?—Because the first was a "new organized," and the latter an old organized body; because the one was governed by "usage," and the other by principle; because the one was despotic, and the other free; and because the one was willing that its conduct should be rigidly investigated, while the other shrunk from the light which would reveal its true character.

What would Mr. Denison have said, if the abolitionists of the Roger Williams State had paid him off in the coin of his boasted World's Convention?

CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.—Several weeks ago, we expressed our surprise, that the editor of this paper, who professes to be an abolitionist, could publish in his columns a heartless pro-slavery resolution, which had been adopted by an ecclesiastical body of his own sect, without bearing his testimony against it, as unworthy of their Christian profession, and a shameless betrayal of the rights of our common humanity. Having done this, it is no more than right that we should give our readers his explanation of the matter. After copying our remarks, he says:

In relation to the above, we have only to say, that there is no difference between us and our friend Rogers, in respect to its being our duty to rebuke our brethren who put forth a sentiment so erroneous as that expressed in the resolution referred to. But we had our choice of the mode of rebuke. We had in type an article for use the same week, exposing with plainness the unworthy character of the apology for neglecting the cause of the enslaved, based on the assumption that the question of their rights as God's children is "a political question." Then finding this very apology, our faithful censure of which we were just giving our readers, put forth by one of our religious bodies, we deemed it the most effectual mode of reproof, to put it forthwith upon the same page, without note or comment. We meant that our readers should understand, in the remarks we had just given them, that we regarded this resolution as bearing upon its face its own absurdity. We still think that our way was right, nevertheless the gentle suggestion of our friend is kindly taken.

We have no doubt of the entire sincerity of our brother, but we are not quite satisfied with his explanation. This leaving a pernicious and *popular* evil to cure itself, "without note or comment," does not exactly harmonize with our philosophy. We like much better the example of Nathan, who said boldly, even to his sovereign, "*Thou art the man.*" We are afraid our brother Cobb is not quite as faithful in rebuking the dreadful sin of his favorite denomination as he ought to be, and we have formed this opinion from reading his paper. He is, it seems to us, on too good terms with his pro-slavery brethren in the ministry, and too fearful of giving them offence. We have heard that, as an individual, he is in favor of the third party; and, of course, if this is true, he will vote for no man to fill a political office, who is not an abolitionist. Is the standard by which he tries his clerical brethren equally high? Or does he require a politician to be better than a minister, in order to obtain his confidence and support?

We ask these questions in no unkind or unfriendly spirit, and shall be glad to be set right, if, in any respect, it can be shown that we are wrong. We like plain dealing, and have spoken just as we would have others speak of and concerning us, in the same or similar circumstances. We have no doubt that what we have said will be "kindly taken," as it is certainly so intended.

AMUSING.—The editor of the Friend of Man attributes the recent action of the Vermont Legislature to that universal panacea, the third party! We shall expect to hear next that the action of the Legislature of Massachusetts, a year ago, originated from the same cause; and, in fact, that all that has been done in Church and State, and out of them, for the last ten years, has been accomplished by the *reflex* influence of that measure! As to the future, every thing depends upon it, and we perceive that our sagacious friend, Arnold Buffum, actually expects the elevation of Birney in 1844. Our third party friends are too modest by half.—They should put their candidate in the chair on the 4th of March next. Why wait four years?

A DISCOVERY!—In an address of the friends of the third party, written by Alvan Stewart, and published in the last Friend of Man, the following language is used:

"*The power which will overthrow slavery has been discovered; it is the terse literature of the northern ballot-box.*"

Hitherto, abolitionists, it seems, have been groping in the dark, and bewildered with the notion, that it was by the *power of truth* and the "foolishness of preaching," that the great work was to be accomplished. Those days of ignorance are passing away, and, according to the logic of those on whom this new light has dawned, "God commandeth all men every where to"——*join the third party!*

NOTICES.

Convention for Western New-York.

As FREEDOM *rises*, SLAVERY *falls!!*
As SLAVERY *rises*, FREEDOM *falls!!*

The subscribers having been appointed to call a general Convention at Le Roy, in Genesee County, N. Y., for the purpose of taking into consideration the subject of AMERICAN SLAVERY, and devising means for its *overthrow*, take pleasure in extending an invitation to ALL, of every sect, clime or creed, to come up and talk over the *wrongs* of the *bondman*, and prosecute masures for his relief.

The pecuniary, political, social and religious bearings of the subject will be fully discussed. Come on, then, *brethren, sisters*, and *friends*, and we shall find that slavery has had something to do with *us*, and that it is high time that we had something to do with *her*. She is our *common* enemy, and let us make *common* cause against her.

No pains will be spared to give interest to the occasion by securing the presence and aid of some of freedom's ablest champions.

The citizens of Le Roy, and the adjacent farmers, have tendered their hospitality to those from abroad.

The meeting will commence on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue during the pleasure of the Convention.

J. C. Hathaway, Farmington, Ontario county, N. Y.		Samuel Fisher, Warsaw, Genesee county.	
W. O. Duvall, Port Byron, Cayuga county, N. Y.		Samuel Fisher, 2d, F. C. D. McKay,	" "
W. C. Rogers, Utica, Oneida county.		Frank Miller, Alanson Bartlett,	" "
E. Wilbur, Macedon, Wayne county.		Elder Bela Wilcox, Edward Putnam,	" "
P. D. Hathaway, Cambria, Niagara county.		H. M. Wells, Attica, Genesee county.	
David Shepard, Geneseco, Liv. county.		James Safford, Warsaw, Genesee county.	
W. M. Bond,	" "	J. H. Darling,	" "
J. W. Johnson,	" "	Samuel Taylor,	" "
H. F. Hill,	" "	Rowley Morris,	" "
John Parker,	" "	Wm. Buxton,	" "
Reuben Sleeper, Mount Morris, Liv. county.		James M. Darling, Joab Streeter,	" "
Rev. Richard Kay, Warsaw, Genesee county.		N. D. Fisher, Rev. H. Lyman,	" "
Harley Knapp,	" "	Hiram Morris,	" "
Elder N. Hoag,	" "	Peter Young,	" "
John Windsor,	" "	E. B. Miller,	" "
W. F. Woodward,	" "	W. H. Pettit, Perry, Genesee county.	
J. H. Reynolds,	" "		
Samuel Woodward,	" "	J. Moffett,	" "
Orrin Fisk,	" "	Jabez Ward, Perry Centre, Genesee county.	
Ebenezer Rolf,	" "		
Isaac Carter,	" "	Jesse Corsett,	" "
Solomon G. Dove,	" "	Horace Bingham,	" "
B. F. Shelden,	" "	Wilder Silver,	" "
C. J. Judd,	" "	P. M. Ward,	" "
Augustus Frank,	" "	Horace Sheldon, Perry Centre, Genesee county.	
J. C. Bronson,	" "		
Isaac Alderman,	" "	Samuel Howard,	" "
Alden Richards,	" "	J. Ditto, Nunda, Alleghany county.	
John Crocker,	" "		
Edwin Painter,	" "	Elder J. W. Spoor,	"
Josiah Andrews, Perry, Genesee county.		W. P. Wright, W. Hinman,	" "
J. Sleeper,	" "	A. Hubbell,	"
W. J. Chapin,	" "	Rev. E. Marsh,	"
A. Richardson, Perry Centre, Genesee county.		A. C. Chipman, L. Hills,	" "
S. Bathrick,	" "	Zadok Lee,	"
E. Bathrick,	" "	A. Burgess,	"
Noah Clute,	" "	R. Patterson, Perry Centre,	
L. Hathaway, Farmington, Ontario county.		Genesee county. C. C. Chaffee, Nunda, Alleghany county.	
G. Ramsdell, Perrinton, Monroe county.		H. McNair,	" "
P. Sexton, Palmyra, Wayne county.		R. Barnes, N. Coe,	" "
Wm. H. Stanley, Geneseo, Livingston county.		P. Peterson, W. M. Chipman,	" "
Chauncey Watson,	"	S. W. Rockwood,	" "
Charles Colt,	"	J. Rankin,	" "
L. J. Ames,	"	D. Dake,	" "
Samuel Begole,	"	M. W. Rowley, A. B. Dake,	" "

Editors friendly to the cause are requested to insert this call in their papers. Those who approve of the call are requested to send in their names to be attached hereto.

EXPLANATION.—The editor of the Liberator, alluding to our remark, that he had "impliedly questioned" the "phraseology" which we used in speaking of the London Conference, says:—

No, we did not mean to question it. The Philanthropist complained of it, and also of the censure bestowed by the Standard upon the London Committee. We are willing to leave the defence of his style or language to our bro. Rogers, while it was our object to show that the conduct of that Committee merited the condemnation he had passed upon it.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4th.

The public mind here is chiefly occupied with rumors and conjectures as to the structure of General Harrison's cabinet. There are also speculations afloat as to his Message,—the measures to be recommended in it, &c. Some say, and perhaps truly, that the new President will recommend nothing,—that he will break up the practices which have made the Executive, of late years, the actual source of legislation. Others say that he will recommend Mr. Clay's Land Bill, a *judicious* modification of the tariff, &c. Certain it is that much more interest is felt as to General Harrison's first message than any previous one—and perhaps for the same reason that it will affect the price of some two hundred millions of state securities, to say nothing of bank stocks, fancy stocks, &c.

But the new cabinet seems to be the most fruitful subject of speculation. We hear now that General Harrison made up his mind and declared his intention to offer the office of Secretary of State to Mr. Rives, of Virginia. Further, it is asserted that Mr. Rives will accept the office.—How this may be, I know not, but it was also one of the current rumors, a few months ago, that Mr. Rives was under a pledge not to accept of any office. It would be difficult, however, to put our finger upon any such pledge from Mr. Rives. I do not believe it can be shewn in black and white. The following is the last cabinet made here for General Harrison: Mr. Rives, Secretary of State; Mr. Sergeant of the Treasury; Mr. Bell, of War; Mr. Ogden Hoffman, of the Navy; Mr. Thomas Ewing, Postmaster General; and Mr. Crittenden, Attorney General.

Many good reasons could be urged in support of these selections. The Bahama slave question is to be agitated, and the South must therefore have the head of the State Department. As to the Treasury, the financial views of Mr. Sergeant correspond very nearly with those of the great body of the Whigs. Mr. Bell is particularly well qualified for the War Department, by his thorough knowledge of the most important branch of it,—Indian affairs. Mr. Hoffman, having served with credit in the Navy himself, would be a popular and efficient minister of that department.

Seizure.—A colored young man from Bangor during the last summer, was arrested in New Orleans for being out a few moments too late in the evening. He was thrown into jail, and although he had free papers, yet owing to a slight defect in the description he was not released, and the probability was that he would be sold into hopeless slavery.

His mother, with all the anguish of a mother's heart; with the agony which a mother in such a situation can only know, proceeded to Boston and engaged the assistance of the Sec'y of State for his rescue. The result we have been waiting with much anxiety to learn.

This is Liberty! This the "protection" which a "citizen of one State" was to receive in "another!" Here is constitutional law! Here is the privilege for which the colored man fought and bled in the revolution! And where is the sympathy! Had a white inhabitant of the State fallen thus among human tigers, the whole State would be moved; but now, alas! the *skin* is a little too dark to excite republican sympathy, either for this young man or his distressed mother. We were told in that city, however, that there are honorable exceptions to this remark, and that one minister at least, who is not a professed abolitionist, has made this case a matter of earnest public prayer. We hope an interest may be felt for this mother and son, and that we may yet hear of his deliverance.—*Adv. of Freedom.*

Mrs. Kinney.—In the Supreme Court yesterday, Mrs. Kinney was placed at the bar, and the Attorney General moved the Court, that an early day be assigned for her trial. Mr. Rantoul remarked to the Court, that Mrs. Kinney had not engaged her counsel, and requested a short delay until that matter could be arranged. The Attorney General stated, that he had no wish to press Mrs. Kinney, but that much delay had already taken place, and that a farther loss of time would be attended with inconvenience and expense. Mr. Parsons remarked, that having been consulted by Mrs. Kinney, although he had been obliged to decline acting as her counsel, he felt it his duty to state, that this delay was in no way to be attributed to Mrs. Kinney's wish to postpone her trial, or to any want of endeavor on her part to engage counsel. Efforts were still making for that purpose, and she would probably be able to make a satisfactory arrangement in the course of a few days; and that she desired no delay whatever, but for this purpose. The Attorney General replied, that, under the circumstances, he would not press his motion; and Judge Putnam remarked, that the request for delay was very proper, and must be granted by the Court. The prisoner was then remanded.—*Boston D. Advertiser, Dec 5.*

In the late battle, a silver medal, about the eighth of an inch in thickness and two and a half inches in diameter, was taken from an old Indian, supposed to have been upwards of 100 years of age, who was killed; one side of which presents a profile, in relief, of James Madison, with the words "James Madison, President of the United States, 1809." The reverse presents clasped hands, with the calumet and tomahawk, and the words "Peace and Friendship."—*Austin (Texas) City Gazette.*

Ireland.—Repeal meetings, on the most extensive scale, are being held by Mr. O'Connell. At Waterford on the 28th ult. not less than one hundred thousand persons were present, though there were none of the nobility and but very few of the gentry of the country in attendance. The learned agitator announced it to be his intention to present the petition to Her Majesty which the meeting adopted, on the earliest opportunity, and to attire himself for the occasion in a repeal costume. Mr. Hume, so well known for his interference in Canadian affairs, is member for Kilkenny, and he has been called upon by some of his constituents to join the Repeal Association. He has replied in a very long letter to the solicitation, declining to accede to their wishes, and advising them to use their immense power for the purpose of a reform of the House of Commons. He admits their grievances and says the *casus belli* "has occurred, and would warrant, by all the rules of national law, recourse to arms, to enforce the stipulations, or to dissolve, the Union." As to O'Connell he says: "I must express my sincere opinion that he is in error, and is doing mischief by his present repeal agitation."—*Jour. Com.*

Another Melancholy Suicide.—The Philadelphia Chronicle says:—We have just heard of one of the most melancholy suicides within our memory, committed on Friday last, near Chester, in this State. The victim was a young and beautiful girl of about 18 or 19 years old: she had been for some time afflicted with a religious monomania, and about two months since attempted for the first time to destroy herself by taking laudanum; but some members of the family perceiving the phial, labelled, lying on the table near her, medical aid was immediately summoned, and the liquid extracted. A short time after she made a second attempt by taking arsenic, but was again frustrated. Her parents then set a watch upon her and had every possible means, such as knives, razors, &c. placed beyond her reach; but so determined was she to "shuffle off this mortal coil," that she by some stratagem obtained an old razor, which had been used in the stable for repairing harness, cutting leather, &c., and with it she committed the rash act, while in the sitting room of the house, and when there were none of the family present.

She survived but about a quarter of an hour afterwards, when the vital spark of one beloved by all who knew her, fled. She was about to be married to a young gentleman of that vicinity, upon whom she doted, and when one of her fits was on, she would rave and call for him.

Washington.—The number of houses built this year probably exceeds the number which has been built in any one year for ten or fifteen years past; and, what is remarkable, they were not built for speculation, but to answer the immediate demands of increasing business and population. During the same time, several churches have been erected, and streets and public grounds improved. The new Treasury building, the Patent Office, and General Post Office buildings, have risen up lasting monuments of the arts, and of the prosperity of the Republic. The improvements in and around the Capitol are also very great. The great national painting of Chapman, the "Baptism of Pocohontas," attracts daily crowds of admiring visitors. Preparations are making for the reception of Greenough's Washington, which has been finished, and is soon expected. The paintings executed by Van Der Lyn, Inman and Wier, are also soon to add to the attractions of the Rotunda, and awaken fresh interest as to whatever concerns the discovery and settlement, and the glory of our country. In short, Washington is daily becoming more and more worthy of the name of its immortal founder. It was a felicitous idea of Chapman to introduce a "log cabin," in the distant view, from the Church, which is itself of scarcely less rude architecture; for it shows us the first habitation of the adventurous settler in striking contrast with the magnificence of the Capitol, which, in scarcely more than two centuries, has risen, the proud result of his toils and triumphs.—*Jour. Com.*

[What if the slaves were painters! Would they omit the slave-pens and the human flesh markets from a picture of our national capitol!—*Ed. Standard.*]

Electricity in Steam.—An English paper states that an engineman, on the Cramlington Railway, in attempting to lay hold of a safety-valve, received a powerful shock. He tried it a second time, and the effect was similar. An examination of the boiler followed, and it was found that the steam escaping from a "blower" was highly charged with electricity. Subsequent experiments on boilers, in which the steam was generated from water drawn from a different source than that which supplied the engines on the Cramlington road, have proved the existence of a great quantity of electricity in steam. This important discovery may lead to facts in connection with boiler explosions, of great moment.

Wholesale Land Piracy in Michigan.—The most wholesale and daring robbery and outrage which has disgraced our State, took place in the town of, Highland, Oakland county, on Sunday week. Phineas L. Davis, Esq. of this City, has a farm in that town. Mr. D. has been at a heavy expense to stock it with the best breeds of cattle, hogs, &c. and had succeeded in securing one of the best stocked farms in the country. But, in a single hour, by the plunderings of a ruthless band of daring scoundrels, the acquisitions of years have been destroyed.

It appears that, on Sunday morning of last week, before day-light, *twenty-five* men, armed with knives and other missiles, came to the farm in wagons, and, without any ceremony, proceeded to the barns and outhouses, and killed some twenty hogs—drove some 20 or 30 others—four fine horses—one double wagon and harness—1 oull—23 sheep—500 bushels of oats—300 bushels of corn—besides several harrows, ploughs, and other utensils; and, worse than all, ripped open several fine breeding sows of the Berkshire breed, by which brutal act between 60 and 80 pigs were destroyed.

Immediate information of this wholesale robbery was brought to Mr. Davis, who at once proceeded to the scene of plunder; and after several days of persevering effort, succeeded in arresting nineteen of the thieves—all of whom were indicted by the Grand Jury in session at Pontiac. The residue of the gang will probably soon be arrested.

Such a daring robbery as this is well calculated to excite alarm. It is so glaringly outrageous as to be almost incredible. Indeed, had we not the clearest evidence of the truth of the facts we have given, we should conceive it impossible that they could have occurred in civilized community.

Nor are we without our suspicions that this outrage would not have occurred, but for the peculiar character of the Sheriff of the county—whom we believe to be an arrant scamp. This suspicion is not only founded upon his previous and more recent history, but also upon his conduct towards some of the gang who plundered the farm of Mr. Davis. During the investigation into the outrage, we are informed that the Sheriff, in one instance, made appraisers of two of the robbers, and in another instance, took one of the thieves as bail for the safe return of one of the horses he had stolen! Other facts go to strengthen the suspicion—not the least of which is, that, as will be seen by another article, Mr. Sheriff Bucknam has since run away, leaving his creditors and bail to reap their reward for having befriended him.

The trial of these land-pirates will come on next week at Pontiac.—*Detroit Daily Advertiser, Nov. 26.*

Attempt to Murder.—We learn by a letter received in this city, from Charleston, that Mr. J. R. Field—(not J. M. "Straws," but the one known by the cognomen, of "Paddy Field," and who played a few nights in this city last winter, at the Walnut, and subsequently at the Coates street Theatre,) on Sunday evening last, while in the tavern known as "The Shades," on the basement floor of the Charleston Theatre, had a dispute with a gentleman, which resulted in Field's attempting to murder him by cutting his throat with a knife, which was accomplished, as the story goes, by Field's stepping up behind the gentleman, and drawing a knife across his neck from ear to ear. The wound inflicted though serious, the writer thought would not prove fatal,—*Philad. Chron.*

Intemperance.—We are told that the people of the British Isles annually expend one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars for bread and two hundred and fifty millions for intoxicating liquors. According to this, which we do not doubt, they expend twice as much to destroy life as they do to sustain it. But this is not all. In thus destroying life they destroy happiness here, and almost hope hereafter, in the destructive process. Estimating the cost of these intoxicating liquors at fifty cents per gallon, we find a consumption of five hundred millions of gallons; and this, among a population of twenty-five millions, affords twenty gallons annually for every human being! If this be true, can we wonder at the amount of misery and crime in the British Isles! Were no other cause of evil in operation, this alone would be sufficient to produce all that exists.

Temperance.—The Earl of Litchfield, Postmaster General, has issued an order prohibiting any individual employed in the Post Office department, or their wives, from keeping houses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, under the penalty of forfeiting office. This order was read a few days since to one of the departments by Mr. Tyrrell, Superintending Inspector, who has been a Teetotaller for four years.

Revenue Cutters in Winter Service.—Orders have been issued from the Treasury Department to the commanders of the revenue cutters Hamilton at Boston, Jackson at this port, Van Buren at Baltimore, Yancey at Norfolk, and Madison at Wilmington, to cruise on the coast for the relief of vessels in distress, during the winter, by furnishing them with whatever their necessities require at cost value.—*Sun.*

Teetotalism at the Sacrament.—A curious case lately came before one of the Presbyteries in Scotland. Mr. John Murray, of Bowling, an elder of Old Kilpatrick, being a keen advocate of the teetotal cause, objected to the use of common wine at the sacrament, and refused either to partake of the same, or be the means of giving it to others, contending, that what had been used at the institution of the ordinance, was the juice of the grape in its unfermented state, not the intoxicating wine of commerce. Mr. Murray's objections were taken up by the session of Kilpatrick, as inconsistent with his station and duty, and finally referred to the Presbytery, who decided that Mr. Murray could not remain a member of the Church, and expelled him accordingly. Against this decision Mr. Murray has protested, and appealed to the Synod.—*English paper.*

Fruits of the Temperance cause in Ireland.—A file of the Dublin Herald received by the Great Western, is filled with the most interesting details of numerous meetings of all classes for the encouragement of trade and manufactures. The people having almost *en masse* thrown off their habits of intemperance, are now making a simultaneous effort to regain their standing among the nations of the earth. It is interesting to witness the rising feeling of self-respect among the Irish people, and the emulation to recover by their present course of *rigid temperance* what they had for so many centuries lost by their intemperance,—The mass of the people are now looking to the *labor of their own hands*, soberly and industriously applied, to raise themselves to independence and consideration. Capitalists stand ready to meet this movement, and if the people continue true to the great principle they have with such wonderful unanimity adopted, a few years will see them the most prosperous and happy people on earth. When the thirty millions sterling which they have heretofore worse than wasted yearly by their drinking habits, is directed into the healthful channels of trade, manufactures and the arts, the most sanguine cannot anticipate the beneficial results. Another of the fruits of the Irish reformation has been to soften down religious and political asperities. When all parties in politics and all denominations in religion can be brought to act together to uproot a national vice, it produces feelings of charity and forbearance throughout.

Deaf and Dumb Printers.—A curious account is given, from Tubingen, in Wurtemburg, of a new printing establishment, lately opened by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen, one hundred and ninety-six in number, eleven of the former being women, are deaf and dumb; and have been educated at great cost for the employment in which they are now engaged. The King has conferred on M. Helgerad the large gold medal, of the order of civil merit for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

Curious Ballots.—Indian corn and beans were, in old times, the ballots made use of on the occasion of elections. The Indian corn manifested election, and the beans the contrary. If any person put in more than one Indian corn or bean for the choice or refusal of any officer, he forfeited or ev ery such offence, ten pounds.

Enlarged Human Head.—Mr. Woodward, U. S. Marshal for taking the census of Clinton county, reports the case of Julia Hannah Knight, daughter of Elijah Knight, of Ellenburgh. This child was 6 years old on the 22d of August last. Its height is three feet; around the wrist three and a half inches; from the top of ear to ear over its head, which is partly transparant, twenty-seven and a half inches. The child is sprightly, though in feeble health, and delicate as an infant. Its body has grown very little of late, but its head constantly enlarges.

Mr. Woodward also reports the case Michael Aka, living on the plains in Peru, aged 103 years, and that of Robert Hio, living in Brookmantown, aged 114 years. The former has a wife 45.—*Plattsburgh Republican.*

Georgia.—The difficulty which occurred in the Georgia Senate in respect to the election of a U. S. Senator, has been compromised by postponing the whole subject for the present.

The steamer Britannia left Boston at 1 o'clock on the 1st inst., for Halifax and Liverpool, having on board 51 passengers, about 40 of whom, as we learn from the Bay State Democrat, proceed to England.

Census of Ohio.—It is ascertained that the population of of Ohio is not less than 1,800,000. This will make her the third state in the Union in point of population—New-York and Pennsylvania only a greater.

It is not a little remarkable that the firs collection of Macauley's writings should have been made in the United States; and the first complete edition of Dr. Channing's works in Edinburgh.—*Boston Merc. Jour.*

Phrenology.—This sience, which seems strongly based upon truth, however erroneous may be some of the theories deduced from it, and however mistaken some of its professors may be in its application, nevertheless appears to be slowly gaining a strong hold upon the faith of the multitude.—*New Haven Palladium.*

Below Zero.—It was so cold here on Wednesday morning last, that the mercury at sunrise, sunk to *eleven* degrees below zero. This is remarkably cold for so early in the season.—*Augusta (Me.) Newsteller.*

The Duellists.—Two young gentlemen from the South, who have been stopping at one of the Philadelphia hotels for some time past, quarrelled about some trivial subject. A challenge was the consequence. Having the fear of the law before their eyes, they on Friday left the city for Virginia to settle their differences in an amicable manner at twelve paces.—*Sun.*

Prospects of Business.—The cotton manufacturers are now doing an elegant business. Their fabrics have risen some fifteen or twenty per cent. within a couple of months, and those establishments which were best managed, were doing well enough before this advance. There is still a tendency to farther improvement; for the manufacturers have many of them engaged ahead, all they can make for weeks to come; yet the demand is not slackened, and the Spring trade remains in prospect. The raw material is still low, and the difficulties in Europe indicate that no great change for the better is to be soon expected. The woollen manufacturers are getting upon their feet again, and beginning to make something. The leather trade is in an excellent way, since hides have advanced within a few months twenty-five per cent. Manufacturing in all its branches is getting on finely. The shipping interest has reaped a golden harvest during the past year, and is in a good condition for carrying off the immense products of 1840, which are loading the seaboard. The importations of Europe have been sold, on landing, to a very great extent, and at great profits. The China merchants have made their fortunes, and can afford to retire. Our agricultural interests are in a most healthy state; for although prices are rather low, produce is abundant, and half a dollar buys as many comforts now, as three quarters did five years ago. On the whole, no country had ever finer prospects than ours for money-making, which, after all, is thought more of than it deserves. Credit is good, money is plenty, every movement is turning to good account. If for twelve months to come, we rise as we have for the twelve months past, we shall stand upon an elevation from which we shall forget all our troubles. In the prosperity which is before us, men will do abundantly well to adhere to regular business. Times of trouble and revulsion will come again; but if we have learned wisdom enough by our sufferings not to construct any big bellows for artificial inflation, that revulsion will be far off, and comparatively gentle when it comes. But at all times he is only safe whose affairs are managed with moderation. Even now our foreign exchanges are in a delicate position. Some three millions of specie have been exported within five or six weeks, and at this rate the surplus money in the market will pretty soon be exhausted, and the only proper corrective of adverse exchanges, a scarcity of money, must ensue. But, as we said, all will go well with those who are industrious, economical, and not in too much haste to be rich.—*Jour. Com.*

Execution.—Zachariah Freeman, the colored man, suffered the penalty of his crimes in obedience to the requisition of the law, on Thursday last. Although the execution was private, hundreds of people from both town and country, flocked to the Court House and clambered up trees in the vicinity of the Jail yard, with the endeavor to witness the closing scene. It is a singular curiosity which exists in the minds of many to see a person yield up his life for the sake of justice—and had the execution been public, we presume there would have been more than five thousand present to witness the sad spectacle. We understand that the prisoner acknowledged his sentence to be just, and manifested great resignation and firmness up to the last moment.

Two petitions were fowarded to the Governor, the first to commute his punishment to imprisonment for life, the other to extend the time of execution to the 24th of February, in order that the Legislature might consider the prist oner's case—but the Executive refused to grant the request of the petitioners.—*Onondaga Standard.*

The Hollis Street Society and its Pastor, the Rev. John Pierpont, have been in (what may be vulgarly called) *hot water*, for some three or four years. We do not recollect that we have ever before alluded to the subject in this paper,—presuming that neither our opinions or comments were desired by either party. Since, however, it appears that an ecclesiastical council, called for the purpose, has been unable to reconcile their differences, which have grown into inveterate hostilities, we take the liberty to offer ourself as mediator. Let those who are for dissolving the connection, sell their pews, and leave their pastor, and those who are satisfied with him, in quiet possession of church and pulpit. They may rely upon it, that they cannot expel the minister from the pulpit. We told them so, privately, more than a year ago, and we now tell them so publicly. If they read their Bibles, they would learn the doom that awaits the incorrigible. Besides, the *Christian* world (which means all those who attend religious services and take the newspapers) have been annoyed long enough with this controversy; and patriotism, public spirit morality, common sense—we had almost said common decency—require that it should cease.—*Boston Courier.*

The Learned Blacksmith.—The public have read much in the papers of Mr. ELIHU BURRITT, now of Worcester, Mass., who has made himself master of more than 50 languages, while he is engaged at his honorable trade. Such acquisitions, under such circumstances, are not only creditable to him, but in the highest degree encouraging to others, who may make equal proficiency by similar industry and perseverance. Mr. Burritt is not yet 30 years of age, and is probably as fully acquainted with the languages as any other man.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Mormons.—This singular sect are determined not to be driven from the face of the earth. The recent terrible persecutions they have suffered at the lawless hands of the people of Missouri, seems to have stimulated their exertions.—They have recently purchased the steamboat Desmoines, formerly owned by the United States, and have put it in complete order, changing the name to that of their new city—Nauvoo. The boat will run From St. Louis to Nauvoo, Galena and Dubuque. The Mormon population of Nauvoo, is estimated, at the present time, at 3000, and 600 persons of the same sect are said to be now on their way from England.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Female Counterfeiter.—We learn from the Louisville (Ky.) Gazette that at the recent session of the criminal court in that city, Mrs. Brigham, who was tried on an indictment charging her with passing counterfeit money, was convicted and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the pen

Old Winter is Coming.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Old Winter is coming again—alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back,
He 's a saucy old chap to white and black,
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For a jolly old fellow is he!

A witty old fellow this Winter is;
A mighty old fellow of glee;
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss,
The wrinkly old maiden unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips,—for this
Is the way with such fellows as this!

Old Winter 's a frolicksome blade, I wot;
He is wild in his humor, and free!
He 'll whistle along for the "want of his thought,"
And set all the warmth of our furs at nought,
And ruffle the laces the pretty girls bought;
For a frolicksome old fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning till night he will sing his song;
Now moaning and short—now howling and long;
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter 's a wicked old chap, I ween—
As wicked as ever you 'll see!
He withers the flowers so fresh and green—
And bites the pert nose of the miss of sixteen,
As she flippantly walks in maidenly sheen—
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old Winter 's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you 'll see!
He 'll trip up our trotters, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes—
He minds not the cry of his friends or his foes—
A driving old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we 're passing our time away,
And marks all our doings from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

Apology for the Slave Trade.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

I marvel that any objections are made,
By those who contend for the "balance of trade,"
To dealing in sinews, and souls, and black skins—
As if it could rank 'mongst the least of all sins.

For unless we can kidnap and purchase at pleasure,
We must do our own labor, and sport—when we 've leisure:
Oh! shocking the thought, that these delicate hands
Must take hold of the plough, and cultivate lands!

Besides—these wild animals bring a high price,
And make better returns than horn, camwood, or rice;
And as it costs little to get and to keep them,
Why not from all Africa speedily sweep them!

Do we not, by the transfer, improve their condition?
Yet, ingrates! there are, to return who petition!
They catch not a spark of our Christian devotion,
And our kindness excites not a grateful emotion!

Since Congress has laid its terrific embargo
Upon the importing of slaves as a cargo,
Our commerce has lost its plethoric dimensions,
And to this (not the tariff,) may be traced its declensions.

For certain I am, if the law were repealed,
The traffic in souls a rich harvest would yield;
Though our markets were filled, yet we 've buyers so many,
No loss would ensue to the importers of any.

The Pauper's Death Bed.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands,
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The Sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Sonnet to ———.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Friend of mankind! for thee I fondly cherish
Th' exuberance of a brother's glowing love;
And never in my memory shall perish
Thy name or worth—so time shall truly prove!
Thy spirit is more gentle than a dove,
Yet hath an angel's energy and scope;
Its flight is towering as the heaven above,
And with the outstretched earth doth bravely cope.
Thou standest on an eminence so high,
All nations congregate around its base;
There, with a kindling soul and piercing eye,
The wrongs and sufferings of thy kind dost trace!
Thy country is the world—thou know'st no other—
And every man, in every clime, thy brother!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bringing Home.

BY WM. HOWITT.

Home is a magic sound; every true author stamps upon his page an intense feeling of its sacred and affectionate power. The thousand incidents, interests, and relationships that spring thence, and wrap our mortal life in all its varieties of peace or happiness, or misery, have been depicted by the strongest and the feeblest pens, with an equal feeling of pleasure, but with far different vigor. To my mind, no circumstances connected with home are more attracting and affecting than the bringing thither individuals in the various stages of existence, under the various aspects of fortune. I have seen the infant, who to use a Hibernicism, was born from home, brought thither. I have seen the eager group of servants, of brothers and sisters, springing forth from the domestic door as the sound of the carriage approached, in which the little stranger and its parents were coming. I have heard the exclamation of delight, of loving welcome—seen the earnest looks and gestures of curious joy—the crowding round to gaze on the little unknown face—the snatching up of the long desired prize—the hurrying altogether of the happy family into that abode which, henceforth, is the home of all.

Again, I have seen the boy come bounding in from his half year's absence at school, all life, all health, and pleasure—seen the glad embraces and shaking of hands—heard the cries of surprise at his growth, his change, his improvement. I have seen, too, the gentle, timid girl return under the same circumstances—seen the mother's kisses, her tears, her proud smiles—seen the former playmate waiting to welcome her; and beheld what a change a little time had made even in those young creatures;—how the gay familiarity of the days ere they parted were gone—how they looked at each other, and felt strange, and evidently wondered in their own minds, at the alteration in each other, so grown, so different, so unlike the beings of each other's memory, till they became shy and silent.

I have seen the tall youth coming from abroad, from his field perhaps—a boy when he went—now a man, with a lofty, dashing figure, a manly voice; and so grown out of his former self that it required some time and intercourse to discover, in the depths of his heart and nature, the beloved being that he went away. I have stood by the graves of the companions of my youth who have dispersed themselves into the world and not come home even to die, but have been borne to their native scenes on the bier, that their ashes might mingle with the ashes of their kindred.

Melancholy home-bringings are these! but they show the mighty power that resides in that sacred spot. The prodigal in his misery—the conqueror in his bed of victory—the poet in the glorious sunset of his mortal course, all cry, "Take me home that I may die! or, if that may not be, take me home that I may sleep with my fathers!" Though they should have traversed the world—though they should have sojourned long and contentedly in many nations, so that in other people, other manners, other loves, they may have forgotten for years their father-land; yet when the last hour comes, the soul arises in its agony, and stretches itself towards the home of its youth, and in the last gushing passion of love, would fain fly hither, ere it quits the earth forever.

It is but a few years ago that I stood by the grave of one of the greatest poets, and one of the most extraordinary men of this or any other age. It was in a little miserable village; and he had gone and dwelt in the lands of his old renown—in the lands of present and perpetual beauty; he had walked with the mightiest, and wisest, and most illustrious of the earth; and not only the multitude, but *they* had looked upon him with wonder and admiration; he had desired pleasure, and reaped it, down to the coarse and jagged stubble of pain and barrenness; he had panted for renown, and won it in its fullness; he had rejoiced to sail on the wide seas; he had sat amid the eternal and most magnificent mountains and gathered up thoughts of everlasting grandeur; all that was lovely in nature and in man he had seen and partaken without scruple, and without measure; he had even turned in scorn from his native land, and sworn that his bones should never lie in its bosom; but death stood before him and his heart melted, and acknowledged its allegiance to the mighty power of nature—to the irresistible force of early ties—and here from all his wanderings, all his speculations, and all his glory, to this little obscure and unattractive nook of earth, he was brought! Not a spot of all those beautiful ones might defraud this of its rightful due; nature was more powerful than time or space, or passion or fame; dust must mingle with its kindred dust.

These things I have seen; these every one sees and almost every day—but it was my lot lately to notice one or two incidents arising out of this strong law of nature that deserve a more particular attention.

I was paying a rather long visit in one of the midland counties, and was in the habit of strolling far in the mornings from the habitation of my friend into the neighboring fields, forests, and hamlets. As I entered a village one day, I found all its inhabitants unoccupied with their ordinary labors—dressed in their best, and old and young collected in groups in the street. I immediately imagined that it was the wake; but observing no stalls of toys or sweetmeats, no shows or signs of wake amusements, I was at a loss to account for this holiday aspect of things. The first human creatures that I approached were some boys; and I asked them what particular cause of holiday-making they had. "Oh!" said they, "don't you know?—the General is coming!" "The General!" I replied, "what General?" "What General!" said the lad who had before answered me, with an air of wonder—"what General! The General, to be sure! Why Tom," said he, turning, with a laugh, to the boy who stood next him—"he does not know the General!" A woman, leaving her company, came up and relieved both the boys and myself from our dilemma. "General R——, said she, "is coming today, after a twenty years absence. Do you see that old cottage about which so many people are collected? There live his father and mother." "His father and mother!" I replied, "a General's father and mother live in that poor cottage! You surprise me as much as my question surprised the boys."

"Yes, sir," said the woman, "it is not every day that such things happen; but this is General R——'s native village. In that house he was born as poor a boy as any in the place; but he was a clever, active lad, and the clergyman took notice of him; took him into his service, and gave him as much learning as if he had been his own son. When he was grown up, he went as a servant to the clergyman's son, who was an officer to the Indies. There the young gentleman died, but before he died, knowing that he could not live, and being very fond of R——, who had served him very diligently, and waited on him in his illness, and read to him, he made over his commission to him. He continued many years in the Indies, and distinguished himself greatly in the wars. He was reckoned one of the cleverest and boldest men in the army; and though at first his brother officers looked very shy on him, and some even insulted him, on account of his birth, yet, spite of all, he rose by degrees to the rank of Major. Many presents, and much money, he sent to his parents, from time to time; but at the moment that he returned to England, the army was going to Spain, and he was ordered to accompany it—and there he went, almost without having set one foot on his native shores. There he fought under Wellington, and followed him in all his victories in Spain, and thence into France, and was in the great battle of Waterloo. When the war was over he was sent into Canada, and never till this day has he been able to set his face towards his native place, and now he is coming. He has sent many times, and wanted his parents to go into a better house. But they never would. They said in that they had lived almost all their lives, and there they would die. He himself has bought the hall—and a gentleman from London has been here and had it repaired, and the grounds newly laid out; and all, both inside and out, made very grand; and to-day there is to be a great dinner on the lawn, and the General, and his father and mother, and the old clergyman, who is still alive, and every body in the village are to be there."

As the woman told her story, a crowd of her neighbors had got round us; and as she ceased, began eagerly to tell so many excellent things of this General, without one trace of that envy which such unusual elevations commonly produce, that I declared I must stay and see the arrival of this extraordinary man. I walked down the village, and drew near the cottage of his parents. There I beheld an old man, in the dress of a rustic, and propped on two sticks, eagerly looking down the lane, up which the General was to come; while the old woman, in a state of fidgety excitement, continually appeared at the door, looking out, and disappeared again. I took my seat under a large sycamore tree on the green and waited the event. Presently I saw the heads of all stretched forward, and their eyes fixed on an eminence at some distance opposite. Presently there was a cry. "He is coming!" and all ran with one accord down the lane. I followed them with my eyes, and soon discerned a dense crowd hurrying up towards the village—a cloud of dust hovering above them as they came. As they drew near, repeated hurras announced their triumphal procession, and I soon discerned a carriage moving along amidst the waving of hats, and the broad grins of hot, merry faces. In a few seconds, they poured into the village green, a tumultuous company of rejoicers. The men covered with dust—the horses and carriage with dust, and laurel, and oaken boughs; they drove up rapidly to the old cottage, hats flew into the air; the whole village rang with one tremendous hurra: and amid the bustle I could just see the gallant officer spring from the carriage, and disappear in the cottage in a moment. What a moment was that! What a moment to the old people! Here was their son—after twenty anxious years—after all their hopes, and fears, and longings, and triumphs—here was the crowning triumph! Here was their son, covered with honors, and still their son! Not one writ forgetful of his poor old parents!—not a writ ashamed of his native lowly hut! In a few seconds, he came out. I caught a glance of his tall, noble figure—of his manly, sun-scorched features! I saw that tears had been rolling down those deeply tanned cheeks; he would have spoken, but his words had fled before his emotion—the language of excited nature; but he put forth his hands towards the playmates of his boyhood, and in a moment it was seized with avidity by a dozen eager claimants of recognition; and again a loud hurra proclaimed the triumph of the assembled multitude. I sat and wept in silence.

All that were present were invited to dine with the General on the lawn—it was too interesting a scene to be left. I went and never beheld a sight fuller of the nobility of human nature, and the blessedness of human life. I had time to scan the features of the fortunate warrior; and had not the most convincing evidence to the contrary been before me, I should have said that his whole mein and bearing proclaimed him of aristocratic birth—so noble was the expression of his countenance, so gentlemanly, so free from the coarseness or restraint of the plebean was his deportment. So much is the internal grace of a great nature superior to the effects of birth or circumstance. I saw the profound happiness with which he gazed round on all the friends of his early days, or their children; his eyes perpetually returning and fixing themselves on those two old people—perfect rustics in person, and manners, who sat and looked again upon him, as in a dream of strange wonder. I saw him clasp to his heart that aged priest, who supported on the one hand by a servant, and on the other by his staff, a feeble, silver-headed old man came slowly to the table; and I heard him thank God he had made his happiness perfect by permitting his parents and his benefactor to witness it.

A beautiful place was that where the table was spread. A light canopy was erected over it, our feet were on the turf, and around us a thousand green shrubs whispered in the breeze—a thousand sweet flowers breathed their odors upon us. Many a joyful day I have witnessed—a happier than this never! But I cannot describe it—I must go on.

From the Rochester Democrat, Nov. 26th.

Four Hours of Peril and Terror—Rescue from the Brink of the Cataract.

We have heard of many "awful situations," and "Providential rescues," but never of a situation more truly awful than that which we are about to describe, nor of a rescue in all respects more strikingly Providential.

Mr. Kidd, one of the hands employed in the flouring mill of Avery & Thurber, just above the Middle Falls of the Genesee, in the north part of this city, (Carthage,) after dark, a few evenings since, took the skiff belonging to the mill, and without communicating his design to any one, attempted to cross the river. For the purpose of improving the water power at that point, a dam has been thrown across a few feet above the middle cataract, and at low water the current for some distance above the dam, is slight. When the water is high, however, a strong current sets over the dam through its whole length, and then none but a person accustomed to manage a boat, can push one across. The river was very high on the evening in question. To add to the difficulty, Mr. Kidd had little experience in the use of oars, and when about half way across, he lost command of the boat, and found to his horror that he was rapidly drifting with the current which he could not doubt, would sweep him with his light skiff over the dam.

The dam, as we have remaked, is a few feet above the Middle Falls, the perpendicular descent of which is twenty-five feet. A few rods further down, are the Lower Falls, with a perpendicular descent of eighty-four feet. Between the dam and the Middle Falls, as wells as between the two cataracts, the current is exceedingly rapid and rough. Once over the dam, therefore, his destruction was sealed, for even should his frail bark survive the plunge over the dam and the descent of the Middle Falls, and live through the intervening rapids and rocks to the brink of the Lower Falls, it could not, nor could the strongest vessel that ever floated, survive the awful plunge eighty-four feet down that tremendous cataract.

Mr. Kidd was perfectly acquainted with the localities, and fully aware of the awful perils of his situation. In the darkness of the night, there was no eye save the eye of Him to whom the midnight is as noonday, that could see, and no hand save His that could save him; and a speedy and terrible death seemed inevitable. But that eye did see, and that hand was stretched out to save, and guided his little vessel to a point of the dam somewhat higher than the rest; whereafter shooting nearly half way over, it *grated and finally stuck fast.*

But the terrors of his situation were even now but slightly alleviated. The river had been rising for some days, and he had reason to suppose was still rising. His boat, rocked by the current which was sweeping under and around it, assuring him how evenly balanced it was upon a pivot; how slight an additional force would be sufficient to destroy his equipoise, and how small a rise of water would be sufficient to lift it off. A wave raised by a gust of wind, even, or the gust of wind itself might throw it from its balance, and consign it and him to the terrible destruction over which they were suspended as by a single hair! Before and behind and around him were the mad waters of the swollen Genesee, plunging by successive leaps among the crags and down the cataracts into the dark, yawning chasm, below the Lower Falls, overnung with their cloud of spray, which even then fell upon him, and sending up their stunning and terrific roar, as if spreading the pall and sounding the requiem of their intended victim! How small appeared his chance of escape! But,

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,"

and its fountains were not congealed in the bosom of him who then most needed its genial influence, even by the terrors which surrounded him *for the four hours during which his final rescue was delayed.*

He commenced shouting for help, and though no voice answered him from the shore, and though the roar of the waters almost drowned his own, he continued it, resting at intervals to gather strength to give more energy to his shouts, for about three hours; at the end of which, the Master Miller taking his rounds outside the mill, about 10 o'clock, to see that all was safe before retiring for the night, heard one of his cries. He supposed that it was from some person on the opposite side of the river, and was at first disposed to disregard it. He heard the voice again, and thinking that it sounded like a cry of distress, determined to cross over and afford what relief might be in his power. He ran down for his boat, and finding it gone, and the cries being continued, he returned to the mill and rallied the hands. It was then found that Mr. Kidd was missing, and the truth respecting him was at once conjectured. On going down to the bank of the river, one of the party after a while discovered a dark spot on the edge of the dam, and no doubt now remained respecting Kidd's situation.

To rescue him from it, if possible, was now the object. Sometime was spent in trying to construct a raft; but as an attempt to bring him off by a craft so unmanageable, would be attended with vastly more danger to those making it, than chances of deliverance to him, the project was abandoned.

One of the party now volunteered an attempt which his courage made successful. With a long pole in his hands, and with a long rope made fast by one end to his body, which his comrades were to *pay out* as the phrase is, as he advanced, and with which he was to be drawn back if necessary, he bravely ventured into the water. Making his way slowly and cautiously along the inner slope of the dam, he at length reached the boat still suspended and swinging with its half-doomed passenger where it was first so providentially moored: and by means of rope, pole and oars, the whole were safely brought ashore, and Mr. Kidd was restored as it were to life, after enduring the mental sufferings, the perils and terrors of his awful situation, more painful if possible, than death itself, for about four hours. Some idea of his intense sufferings during that time, may be derived from the fact that he has been sick in consequence of them ever since. He is doubtless thankful to have escaped even with a fit of sickness.

We have not learned the name of the brave and generous man through whose agency his rescue was accomplished.

The Bible.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The Bible—the Bible! how shall we subdue the obdurate heart, and awaken the seared conscience, and successfully impeach the criminal conduct of slave owners;—how shall we operate upon public opinion, and call into vigorous exercise the moral energies of the nation, and establish justice throughout our borders, and break down the middle walls of partition which separate man from his fellow man;—how shall we preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound, and transform the benighted and suffering slave into an enlightened and happy freeman, and the haughty master into a familiar friend—how shall we accomplish this, and more, without the Bible? Human legislation—what is it? It is incoherent and contrarious; it justifies in one state or country what it punishes in another; it holds no jurisdiction over the hearts of men; it is capable of disastrous perversion; it is governed by worldly policy; it alters with the fluctuations of society. Take away the Bible, and our warfare with oppression and infidelity, and intemperance, and impurity, and crime, is at an end: our weapons are wrested away—our foundation is removed—we have no authority to speak, and no courage to act.

We desire to thank God for the Bible. It is his Statute Book, in which are recorded all the laws, and ordinances, and commandments, necessary to govern mankind. It is immutable: the vicissitudes of time, the waves of revolution, the explosions of empires, cannot abrogate or change one of its acts. It is impartial: it exalteth the humble and abaseth the proud, it has no respect of persons, it levels all the vain distinctions of the world. It is of universal application: wherever man is found, or society exists, among all castes, in every form of government, its precepts are obligatory and rational. How terrible are its denunciations against the oppressor! How it detects and exposes the thief, the drunkard, the voluptuary, the impostor! How it puts falsehood to the blush, and unmasks hypocrisy, and levels pride! What crime does it not punish, what vice not lash, what injustice not abominate! How reasonable are its requirements—love to God and love to man! Its spirit is so benevolent, that it would dry up rivers of human blood, and turn the sword into a ploughshare, and break every fetter, and renovate the face of the world, and make earth heaven.

Thanks be to God for the gift of the Bible! Let it circulate as freely as the air we breathe—let it circumnavigate the globe—so shall the nations of the earth be joined in marriage, and the bodies and souls of men be enfranchised, and the wonders of redeeming love be maghified "in every land, by every tongue."

Christian Retaliation.—The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done: 'And if I catch him on the road, I'll do it again,' said he. 'Neighbor,' replied the other, 'not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and I drove them out and shut them up in your yard—and *I'll do it again.*' Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charge himself. 'A soft answer turneth away anger.'

The Opinionated.—He never suspects himself in the wrong. He never confesses, because he cannot err. He never asks advice, because he does not need it. He is not only fond of his own opinion, but full of it, and never omits an opportunity of making it known.

With such a man, we should never dispute, because he will never yield—he is determined to be obstinate. Leave him, as opposition will only strengthen him in his good opinion of himself.

Zion's Watchman.

The Winter Fireside.—Spring, summer and autumn have each their appropriate delights, and these are mostly enjoyed under the blue heavens, and in the balmy air: but winter, cheerful winter, is the time for in-door comforts, the quest of knowledge and the flow of affection. They may talk of May,—but who does not know that the mutual attachments of young hearts put forth their clasping tendrils most lustily between Thanksgiving Day and the return of the Blue-bird? Now, when ruddy fires begin to throw their dancing flames over the snug sitting room; when the piping of the wind tells how close the house is; when Jack Frost drives the rosy children to wanton about the father's knee, or roll half asleep upon the rug; now is the time when the working man, who has that best of earthly gifts, a wife, and abundance of little olive branches about his table, learns fully what is meant by the happy syllable, Home.

The rivals of our Home are many and fearful.—Among the direst is the drinking-place, whether known as porter-house, grog-shop, or tavern. The man who spends his evenings in these stygian fumes soon grovels, and wallows away half his civilization. Where ought he to be, but by his own warm fireside, rewarding his wife for the solitary labors and vexations of the day, and receiving on his own part those cheap but invaluable pleasures, which are as much above the delirium and ribaldry of the bar-room, as the light of the day is above the glimmer of a dipped candle. To the young men, beginning life—especially to newly married men, the counsel is seasonable. Reverence the Fireside. Admit no rival here. Let your chief joys be shared by her who has forsaken all other hearts and hopes for you,—by those who must inherit honor or disgrace from your course of life. Shun the bar room and purlieus of intoxication. It is to thousands the avenue to infamy. Help to rid those industrious men who preside over public-houses, and succumb to the sad necessity of leading sober men into drunkenness, and drunkards into despair—help to rid them of this unpleasant part of their office. They protest their grief for these results. You cannot but believe them. Help them to wash their hands of the horrible stain.

Newark Daily Advertiser.

Aspirations of the Soul.—Every man has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be, but is not. This Ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men, that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is satisfied with himself, so that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself.—*The Dial.*

Power of Truth.—You shall as soon stay Niagara with a straw, or hold in the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm with the "spider's most attenuated thread," as prevent the progress of God's Truth, with all the kings, poets, priests and philosophers the world has ever seen; and for this plain reason, that Truth and God are on the same side. Well said the ancient, "Above all things, Truth beareth away the victory."—*The Dial.*

NOTICES.

IMPORTANT MEETINGS.

Come One, Come All.

The subscribers, having consulted with many of the true and tried friends of the Slave, in the western counties of this State, it was deemed advisable to hold *anti-slavery meetings* in the following places and at the following times.

Measures have been taken to secure some of the ablest advocates of *Human Rights* which the country affords, besides a number of volunteer speakers, who have kindly offered their aid. Friends of the slave, will you not rally?—Let the old and the young, the grave and the gay—men, women and children—*all* who claim to be human, come up to the rescue of suffering humanity! The *object* is noble, the *means* righteous, and we earnestly ask your attendance and co-operation. Will you not come?

Hamburgh,	do.	Sunday,	13.
Aurora,	do.	Monday,	14.
Attica,	Genesee co.	Wednesday,	16.
Batavia,	do.	Thursday,	17.
Lockport,	Niagara co.	Friday	18.
Hartland,	do.	Tuesday,	22.
Albion,	Orleans co.	Thursday,	24.
Brockport,	Monroe co.	Saturday,	26.
Rochester,	do.	Sunday,	27.
Henrietta,	do.	Wednesday,	30.

The meetings will commence at 1 o'clock, P. M. and be continued through the evening.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
W. C. ROGERS,
W. O. DUVALL,
LORENZO HATHAWAY,
ESEK WILBUR,
GIDEON RAMSDELL,
P. D. HATHAWAY,
PLINY SEXTON.

Farmington, Ontario co., N. Y. }
Nov. 2, 1840. }

SECOND APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC ON BEHALF OF THE AFRICANS TAKEN IN THE AMISTAD.

The time has now arrived when new and heavy expenses are to be incurred for the protection and deliverance of the thirty-six surviving Africans who are still in the custody of our government, awaiting the final decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Several hundreds of dollars are still due for the expenses of instructing them daily for upward of fifteen months, and eminent counsel will be engaged as soon as the means are furnished, to conduct their defence, at Washington City, next January. If any one doubts the extremity of the peril in which these Africans are placed, let him read the Congressional document containing the correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Spanish Minister.

Shall these hapless sons of Africa, for want of farther aid, and able professional defenders, be surrendered to the Spanish Minister, who claims them "not as slaves but as assassins!" Will not the generous men and women who have already contributed to afford instruction and legal protection to these interesting strangers, again open their hands for their relief—and will not those who have not yet contributed for these noble purposes, forward their donations, which are needed more than ever at this juncture! Donors can designate in what way their benefactions shall be appropriated—whether for education or general purposes. Such sums as may be contributed for the former purpose will be handed to the committee at New Haven, Rev. L. Bacon, Rev. H. G. Ludlow, and Amos Townsend, Jr. Esq., and other donations will be appropriated by the undersigned according to their best judgment. All donations will be acknowledged in the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, and a copy sent to each donor. The disbursements will also be published. Money can be sent to Samuel D. Hastings, Esq., No. 20 Commerce street, Philadelphia; to Rev. A. A. Phelps, No 36 Washington street, Boston; or to Lewis Tappan, 122 Pearl street, and 131 Nassau street, New-York.

S. S. Jocelyn,
Joshua Leavitt, } *Committee.*
Lewis Tappan,

SINGING SCHOOLS.

Mr. Wm. C. Webster would respectfully announce, that he will open a School for the study and practice of Sacred Music, in the Hall corner of Broadway and Houston st., (entrance to which is No. 603 Broadway,) on THURSDAY EVENING, the 19th instant, at 7 o'clock.

A Juvenile Singing School, for children of both sexes, from 6 to 15 years of age, will be commenced on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, the 21st inst., at half past three o'clock, at the same place. The Pestalozzian system is made the basis of instruction in these schools.

Terms to the above schools—the adult, for gentlemen, $3; for ladies, $2 per course of 18 lessons. The Juvenile School, $2 per scholar for 24 lessons.

Tickets of admission to the above schools may be obtained at the Book stores of Gould, Newman & Saxton, corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, John P. Haven, Broadway, and of Mr. W. at his Hall, on the evenings and afternoons of school.

Refer to Rev. J. O. Choules, 502 Broome st.
Rev. La Roy Sunderland, Editor of the Watchman:
L. Eames, Esq., 88 Hicks st. Brooklyn, N. Y.
N. Southard, Editor Youth's Cabinet.
G. H. Andrews, Courier & Enq. Office.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

For sale by Isaac T. Hopper, 143 Nassau Street.

The Friends' Intelligencer, &c., containing 769 pages large octavo—price $1 50. It contains much interesting original and selected matter, well worth the attention of the members of the Society of Friends, as well as the public generally.

Bound up in the volume will be found, "Brief Remarks on some of the charges recently made against the early writers of the Society of Friends, by George Harrison, New Castle, England." The following short extract will shew, in some measure, the character of the work, viz:

"The working of this subtil spirit, which has got abroad,—this old accuser of the brethren, has been very insidious; it has been at work for many years, but durst not avow its real object and character. It pretended it was attacking Hicksism, but it was easy to see, long ago, that genuine Quakerism was meant. It is now throwing off the mask, and shewing itself in its true colors."

"The Destruction of Jerusalem, an absolute and irresistible proof of the Divine origin of Christianity; including a Narrative of the calamities which befel the Jews, so far as they tend to verify our Lord's predictions relative to that event: with a description of the City and Temple." This work is deeply interesting to Christians of all denominations.

"The history of the life of Thomas Ellwood, or an account of his birth, education, &c., with divers observations on his life and manners when a youth; and how he came to be convinced of the truth; with his many sufferings and services for the same. Also, several other remarkable passages and occurrences. Written by his own hand. To which is added, a supplement," by J. W.

It can hardly be necessary to inform any member of the Society of Friends of the merits of this work. It has gone through four editions, and is among the most interesting of Friends' journals.

This latter work can be had separately—price 50 cents.

Right and Wrong in the Anti-Slavery Societies.

——by the soul
Only, the nations shall be great and free!
Wordsworth.

The Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, presented October 14, 1840. For sale at the anti-slavery office, 143 Nassau st. Price, 12½ cents single.

This work ought to be in the hands of every abolitionist.

The following selection from it is the purest gold, and beautifully wrought out

"The anti-slavery societies have not yet done their work. When, in the heat of political excitement, amid which the favorers of the cause, a few years hence, will be engaged; when, in the conflict of a northern and southern party, yet to spring out of this question, *compensation—partial emancipation—intermediate arrangements—delay,* become the rallying words of the opposition—then let the slave rejoice if the anti-slavery societies exist, to urge up to the mark a partially regenerated people, who, though *favorers* of the cause of freedom, will not deserve to be called its friends; for they will need constant and persevering rebuke, entreaty, warning, to prevent their making shipwreck of the cause. Not by numbers, but by laborious and energetic fidelity, will the work be wrought out. 'Not by might nor by power, but by *my Spirit*, saith the Lord of hosts!'

Nov. 19, 1840.

Just Published,

"*The Envoy. From Free hearts to the Free.*"

A COLLECTION of original pieces in poetry and prose, published by the Pawtucket Juvenile Emancipation Society, for the benefit of its funds.

This little volume is confidently recommended to the patronage of the public, as it is believed that it will be found to possess merit independent of the object which has called it forth. Many writers have contributed to the pages of the annual, presenting thereby a pleasing variety in style and sentiment; yet agreeing in these grand and fundamental points, the universal brotherhood of *man*, and the abolition of *all* slavery.

For sale at 143 Nassau street—25 Cornhill, Boston—the Anti-Slavery Office, Providence, and at J. M'Intyre's, Pawtucket, R. I. Price 42 cts.

New York, November 19, 1840.

Free Dry Goods.

CALICOES, bleached and unbleached muslins, bleached and unbleached Cotton flannel, apron check, colored muslins, printed and plain pongees, bleached, unbleached, mixed, and lead-colored knitting cotton, cotton and linen table diapers, printed and plain grass cloths, wicking and cotton laps, fine linen thread, superfine bed ticking, cotton pantaloon stuffs, men's and women's cotton hose, white and black wadding. Also, a variety of silk, linen, and woollen goods, wholesale and retail.

CHARLES WISE,
Corner of Arch & Fifth street.

Philadelphia, 11th mo. 12, 1840.

N. B. Persons from a distance wishing any of the above goods can have them sent, by forwarding their orders to the subscriber. C. WISE.

Dr. Church's Tooth Powder,

OR THE GREAT TOOTH PRESERVATIVE.

1. It is excellent in cleansing the Teeth and making them white, and preventing their decay. In order to keep the teeth clean and wholesome, the Brush and Powder must be used; for, by the frequent mastication of food, there is a viscid matter which adheres to the teeth, and which, if not removed, causes disease and decay.

2. It is an infallible cure for the Tartar collected on the Teeth, wholly removing it. Now, whenever tartar is suffered to gather, it occasions the swelling and inflaming of the gums, causing absorption and the expulsion of the teeth from the jaws, while it is the source of great pain.

3. It is sure to cause and preserve a sweet breath, and a pleasant taste to the mouth. Sad indeed is the evil, the pain, the destruction of comfort and health, which is brought about by *neglect*. For there is and there can be nothing worse for an individual than a bad breath; yet by overlooking the teeth, how many hundreds and thousands have a disagreeable breath; and when in conversation, even, are conscious of it, and involuntarily turn their heads!—Still, all this can be remedied in a short time, by the application of the powder, so that health, comfort and beauty, and a sweet breath will be in the possession of all

4. It hardens the gums. When the gums are soft and spongy, this powder will make them hard. Nearly one-half of the teeth which are lost, is owing to the disease of the soft and spongy gums, and collection of tartar.

For sale by Gould, Newman & Saxton, corner of Fulton and Nassau streets.

ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC FOR 1841.

This Almanac is filled with a great amount of original and interesting matter, from the pen of Theodore D. Weld. It is not only calculated to awaken a new and lively interest among Freedom's warmest friends, but admirably adapted to make new converts to the anti-slavery cause, as most of the popular objections to immediate and unconditional emancipation are considered in the author's clear, logical, and caustic style. Let there be no delay in procuring a copy; and when it is purchased, don't throw it aside, to be used only to ascertain the time of the sun's rising and setting, but at once read it through attentively. When you have done this, you will feel like co-operating with a few friends to put a copy into every family in your respective towns.—*Liberator.*

☞ Price $30 per 1000. 6 cents single. To be had at all the Depositories.

Information Wanted.—Of Edward Powell, and Catharine Crumwell, his sister, formerly of Flatbush, L. I., subsequently of Brooklyn and of this city. Any person knowing either of the above named persons, or their children, will confer a favor by leaving word at this office, or at 61 Cherry street, upon A RELATIVE.

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